

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1844.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

### RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

HAYNEVILLE, Ala. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.  
MONTGOMERY, Ala. Bertrand Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Dec.  
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - Pharsalia Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Nov.  
NEW ORLEANS, La. Metairie Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Wednesday, 4th Dec.  
" " " " " Great Four mile Stake, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.  
" " " Association, Eclipse Course, Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Dec.  
OAKLEY, Miss - - Hinds Co., Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Monday, 4th Nov.  
PHILADELPHIA - - Camden Course, N J., J. C. Fall Meeting, 5th Tuesday, 29th Oct.  
PORT HUDSON, La. Fashion Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 5th Tuesday, 29th Oct.  
SELMA, Ala. - - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th Jan. .  
TRENTON, N. J. Eagle Course—Foot Race, 10 Miles, Tuesday, 12th Nov.

## DONCASTER RACES.

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STEWARDS:—The Earl of Glasgow and R. G. Lumley, Esq. ;  
Mr. Clarke, Judge ; and Mr. Martin, Clerk of the Course.

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THE agreeable "sporting delights" in the vicinity of this pretty Northern town has once more burst out with something like old-fashioned vigor and enterprise: indeed, we may assert that a "new life" has been put into the *lungs* of this celebrated gathering together of our favorite Northern Sportsmen, and under the able Physicians lately "called in," we positively expect a return of the year when Mr. Watt's *crack* colt Memnon so gallantly won the St. Leger against the largest Field that ever started. We missed, it is true, the grand equipages used by Lords Fitzwilliam, Londonderry, and Darlington, as well as the neat turns-out of Sir Bellingham Graham and others who have "gone to that bourne from which no traveller returns;" still it is pleasant to observe, that since Birmingham's year we have never witnessed more "real comforts" or better contests for the various prizes. The course too was in admirable order, and the results and useful alterations put every one in good humor. The company, if not so aristocratic as in times gone by, certainly contained some of the *cracks* of the Peerage, mixed with many of the fine old *English* and *Irish Gentlemen*, whose appearance at any time creates an interest at any Sporting Meeting, either at home or on the other side the water.

On Sunday, the attendance at the Rooms was a great improvement in point of numbers over last year: the night-trains had brought down large quantities of real "Gentlemen Sportsmen," and betting went on at a "cheerful pace." W. Scott was heavy against Ithuriel, and justly so, for he was well aware of his "infirm *understandings*." Red Deer was an immense favorite, and the "Knowing Bill" was "on" to win a large Stake. The Cure was backed most industriously by the Hambleton party, who roundly asserted that he was the best Leger horse ever trained at R. Hesseltine's establishment. Two or three of the Southerners had not forgotten The Princess's running at Epsom, and were very lavish of their money in support of this splendid daughter of Slane. Upon the whole the investments were much "stronger" than we have been of late years accustomed to see, and the quiet "*silvery*" Forth and the *gentle* Mr. Irvin were *quietly* feathering their nest at the expense of the public.

On Monday, Sept. 16th, this now *restored* Meeting opened *de novo*, with good autumnal weather, a capital attendance, and a bill of fare not to be grumbled at by the most fastidious. In the morning lots of bettors were out to see the horses gallop, and the difference of opinion beggared description—every one's wish being "father to the thought." The Cure and Red Deer were general-

ly admired, while Foig-a-Ballagh's action *underwent* great discussion, the majority being against his winning. One important office was given, namely, that Ithuriel was lame, and in all probability would not run. The same notice was given respecting Valerian; but this did not do so much harm, because this colt was always looked upon as *doubtful*. On reaching the grand Stand, we were pleased to observe that the Committee had consulted the comforts of the visitors. The lawn, instead of being a dead level, as last year, was gradually raised towards the Stand, so that an excellent view of each race was easily obtained. There was another important alteration as regarded the admittance: it ran thus:—"The conditions under which this ticket of admission into the Grand Stand and its inclosure is sold are, that the purchaser or bearer makes himself liable to the forfeiture, and to be turned out, should it be proved to the satisfaction of the Stewards present that he is a defaulter, either in respect to the Stakes or bets lost on racing, or has been guilty of any *malpractices on the Turf*."

The old-fashioned Fitzwilliam Stakes opened the ball, and, as a matter of *course*, Alice Hawthorn, 6 yrs, 9st., ridden by Bumby, won in a trot from Lothario, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb.; Peggy, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb.; and True-boy, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb. The distance, only a mile and a half, was run in two minutes and forty-one seconds.

The match for 150 sovs. each, h. ft., both two-year-olds, 8st. 7lb. each, Red House-in, was won by Lord Chesterfield's Lady Wildair, by Hornsea out of Dirce, beating Lord Glasgow's Sister to Pathfinder, in the commonest of canters, by at least a dozen lengths.—Nat rode the winner and Marson the loser.—We have "noted down" the *two* to be *bad-'uns*.

After the charming Alice Hawthorn had cantered over for the Queen's Guineas, we found a dozen at the Post to run for the Champagne Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds; colts 8st 7lb., and fillies 8st. 5lb., Red House-in.—As there were thirty-seven subs. the prize was worth £1125—a goodly sum to win in these *hard* times. The race was run evidently on the square, and won in the end by Mr. Worthington's Lancashire Witch, beating, after a splendid set-to, Mr. Ramsay's Mid-Lothian by a neck. It is useless to state how the others came in, for most of the Jockeys "pulled the ropes" when they found their chances in "despair."—The betting was only 2 to 1 agst the winner, who is in the Oaks, and no doubt will become a fascinating favorite. To prove that the pace was good, we shall tell that the distance was done in one minute and fifteen seconds.—That lucky and skilful jockey Nat rode the winner, and J. Holmes Mid-Lothian, who is a gelding.

A Plate of "Fifty" for all ages, St. Leger Course, went to Mr. Smith's Dr. Taylor, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb., ridden by Bumby, beating, in three heats, Little Fairy, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb., and two others.—The winner was the favorite.

The Grand Match of the week, as far as money was the question, came off thus: Mr. H. Johnstone's William-Le-gros, 5 yrs (Owner), received forfeit from Mr. Jaques's A British Yeoman, 4 yrs, 12st. each, for 2000 sovs. each, play or pay. The Yeoman



was *dead amiss*, unfortunately for his gallant owner, or in all likelihood he would have proved conqueror. A vast sum in *private* was pending.

*Tuesday*, the great, the important day "big with the fate of thousands," came in with gloomy aspect; nevertheless, the spirit of the Ring was not to be *beaten*, and heavy engagements fell deep in out attentive ear from countless mouths. The Cure rose to evens against the Field; Red Deer was backed at 4 to 1 in all directions; The Princess in much favor at 5 to 1; and Foig-a-Ballagh in "some request" at 6 to 1. When we arrived on the course we found every available place in the Grand Stand filled with all sorts of persons, from the "lordly and lovely" to the "lowly and plain," with such excitement as it has not of late years been our lot to witness.

The business commenced with the race for the Cleveland Handicap, one mile, which was won by Mr. A. Johnstone's moderate Rowena, 3 yrs, 5st. 8lb. (Riley), beating Semiseria, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb.; The Pride of Kildare, 3 yrs, 6st. 2lb.; and Knight-of-the-Whistle, 6 yrs, 9st. 6lb. The betting was good for those who backed the Field, for the odds at starting were 6 to 4 agst Rowena, 6 to 4 agst Knight-of-the-Whistle, 7 to 4 agst Semiseria (t), and 3 to 1 agst The Pride of Kildare: a good and *fast* race, and won by scarcely a neck.

Every eye was now turned to the attracting event, the result of which we give with all the important particulars.

The Great St. Leger Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds; colts 8st. 7lbs., fillies 8st. 2lbs.; the second to receive 200 sovs. out of the stakes, the third to save his stake, and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards expenses. St. Leger Course; 108 subs.

Mr. Irwin's b c Foig-a-Ballagh, by Sir Hercules.....	Bell.....	1
Mr. Salvin's b c The Cure, by Physician.....	Marson.....	2
Col. Anson's ch f The Princess, by Slane.....	F. Butler...	3
Duke of Richmond's b c Red Deer, by Venison.....	Robinson...	0
Mr. Meiklam's br c Godfrey, by Inheritor.....	Templeman	0
Mr. Standish's ch c Little Hampton, by Hampton.....	G. Francis...	0
Lord Glasgow's b c by Velocipede, out of Amulet.....	J. Holmes ..	0
Col. Anson's b c Bay Momus by Bay Middleton.....	Nat .....	0
Mr. J. Hampson's br c Lightning, by Sheet Anchor.....	Lye .....	0

We were very particular in noticing the last betting at the breaking up of the Ring, because we have reason to know that some important bets were depending on the close of the odds, which were as follows:—11 to 10 agst The Cure, 7 to 2 against Foig-a-Ballagh, 4 to 1 agst The Princess, 6 to 1 agst Red Deer, 18 to 1 agst Lightning, 30 to 1 agst Godfrey, 40 to 1 agst Bay Momus, 66 to 1 agst the Amulet colt, and 100 to 1 agst Little Hampton: only the four first in request.

About a quarter past three, the lot got tolerably well off, Godfrey taking the lead at a slow pace, with Foig-a-Ballagh, the Amulet colt, and The Cure well in attendance, the others in a cluster behind. After crossing the road, Foig-a-Ballagh increased the speed, and at once put Godfrey in difficulty. No change of importance took place again till the lot neared the Mile-post, where The Prin-

cess looked quite "charming," and Foig-a-Ballagh uncommonly well for his backers. In going round the turn, the pace became first-rate, and Red Deer made an effort to reach the leading horses, but "without effect," for The Cure bowled his chance out, and at the Distance the race appeared safe to Mr. Salvin, but, disagreeing with the old maxim, that "honesty is the best policy," The Cure turned *currish*, ran *right*, or rather *wrong*, across the course, and was beaten a clear length. The Princess ran in third by half a length; Lightning was a moderate fourth; Red Deer, *who did not persevere*, was fifth; the Amulet colt, sixth; Little Hampton, seventh; Bay Momus, eighth; and Godfrey, ninth. To show how slowly the race commenced, we shall merely observe that the ground was not got over till 3 minutes and 23 seconds had "flected away." The value of the Stakes were £2625. Amongst the principal winners we may mention Mr. Irvin, Mr. Forth, and the gentlemen immediately connected with Mr. Forth's stable. Several Irish Sportsmen also "threw in" for good round sums; and the losers being scattered nearly "all over the country," a capital settling was effected.

The Selling Stakes of 10 sovs. each, St. Leger Course, was carried away by Mr. W. Denham's Harriet, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. (Cope-land), beating four others: and the Corporation Plate, of 60 sovs., heats, two miles, was most easily won by Mr. Meiklam's Aristotle, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb. (Templeman), beating, most shamefully, Doctor Taylor, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb. And so concluded one of the most sporting-like Leger days of modern years.

Wednesday's racing produced some excellent contests. First and foremost, Lord Chesterfield's Brother to E O (Nat) beat, Red House-in, Lord Glasgow's c. by Bay Middleton out of Miss Whip, 8st. 7lb. each, in a Match for 200 sovs.—The betting was 5 to 2 on the winner, who made all the running, and won by a neck. He is in the Derby.

The Foal Stakes for three-year-olds, 8st. 7lb. each, mile-and-a-half, worth 500 sovs., was only a gallop for Mr. Gully's Juvenal, for Bebington is a *rank roarer*, and Lancet was as "lame as a cat." Young John Day had a most comfortable ride on the winner, who was purchased after his victory by Sir John Gerard. The odds were 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 on the Stockbridge *pet*, who won "a dozen lengths."

The Municipal Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds, followed, was run from the Red House-in, and won by Lord G. Bentinck's Cowl, 8st. 7lb. (Nat), beating Kedger, 8st. 7lb.; Britannia, 8st. 4lb.; and the Canada filly, 8st. 4lb. The race was quickly run, and won by a neck. Britannia was beaten two lengths from Kedger, and the Canada filly quite off a long way from home.—The odds were, 6 to 5 agst Kedger, 7 to 4 agst Britannia, 4 to 1 agst Cowl, and 10 to 1 agst the Canada filly.—Cowl is not in the Derby.

The Great Yorkshire Handicap on the modern fashion, with 200 sovs. added, was run over the St. Leger Course, and won, to the delight of thousands, by Lord Eglinton's Pompey, 4 yrs. 7st. 8lb.

(J. Howlett), beating Glossy, 4 yrs, 5st. 4lb.; and Give-him-a name, 6 yrs, 6st. 12lb, Twelve others ran, but were not "noticed."—The knowing ones took in a good harvest, as the following return will shew :—2 to 1 agst Mickey Free, 7 to 2 agst Rowena, 7 to 1 agst The Ashtead Pet, 9 to 1 agst Pompey, 11 to 1 agst. Parthian, 15 to 1 agst Ravensworth, 15 to 1 agst Glosgy, 18 to 1 agst Trueboy, 20 to 1 agst Salteen, 20 to 1 agst Advice, and 20 to 1 agst Cockfighter. Pompey won by half a length. It may be remembered that he was fortunate in the same race last year. Value of the Stakes £1015.—Before the race, The Ashtead Pet was purchased by Mr. Osbaldeston of Mr. Forth for 400gs.—we think him *dear*.

*Thursday*, the CUP DAY, has always proved attractive to the Yorkshire people, and on the present occasion there was a host of fashionable company. The roads in all directions presented a lively succession of equipages. Gaming-tables, as our readers are aware, have always been prohibited in this locality; but the "thimble-riggers" now and then caught a flat, though we fancy they did not get "their expenses."

The Innkeepers' Plate of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., Red House-in, was gained by Lord Chesterfield's Knight-of-the-Whistle, 6 yrs, 8st. 4lb. (Nat), beating, after a splendid race, four others, with the betting 3 to 1 agst him.

The rich Three-year-old Stakes went into the coffers of the gallant Colonel Anson, whose infirm horse Joe Lovell, 8st. 7lb. (F. Butler), beat the crippled Amulet colt, 8st. 7lb. As there were five subs. at 200 sovs. each, h. ft., the prize was worth £700. Joe Lovel was the favorite at 7 to 4 on him.

The Two-year-old Stakes of 20 sovs. each, colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 4lb., the owner of the second horse to save his Stake, T. Y. C., brought out *ten starters* out of a *nomination* of thirty-two subs. The race was run in the most scrambling manner, and is *no criterion of the merits of the horses*. Lord G. Bentinck's br. f. Longitude, ridden by Nat, was placed first by two lengths; The Helmsman, second; and a colt by St. Martin out of Marchioness, third. None of the others ran for places, and most of them were stopped early.—The betting was, 6 to 4 agst Mid-Lothian, 4 to 1 agst Bretwalda, 5 to 1 agst Longitude, 6 to 1 agst the St. Martin colt, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Mid-lothian lost nearly a hundred yards at starting! Longitude is in the Oaks.

The grand GOLD CUP was shorn of its usual interest by the appearance of the splendid running Alice Hawthorn, who made "mince-meat" of Aristotle and The Pride of Kildare.—The betting was 7 and 8 to 1 on the "charmer," who, ridden by Bumby, made her own *destructive* running all the way, and passed Mr. Clarke ten lengths in advance of her "followers." Alice is more than a *second Bee's-wing*.

In the match for 200 sovs, h. ft., T. Y. C., Lord Glasgow's Sister to Pathfinder received forfeit from Mr. Gully's filly by Sheet Anchor, 8st. 7lb. each. Unluckily for Mr. Gully, his filly is *amiss*.

We shall describe *Friday's* racing very briefly. The weather was showery, and the company a woful "falling off."

The Scarborough Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for three-year-olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb., one mile, was won uncommonly easy by Mr. Salvin's *The Cure* (*Templeman*) beating *Prince Royal* and *Susan*.—As it was any odds on *The Cure*, no one was *physicked*. *The Cure* HERE ran *straight enough*!

In the Match, *hastily made*, for 1000 sovs., St. Leger Course, Mr. Irvin's *Foig-a-Ballagh*, 3 yrs, 7st. 6lb., beat, very easily indeed, Mr. Collett's *Coranna*, 5 yrs, 9st. *Abdale* rode the winner and *Whitehouse* the loser.—The betting was brisk at 2 and 3 to 1 on *Foig-a-Ballagh*, who seemed none the worse for his Leger race.

The Park Hill Stakes (the Northern Oaks) we gladly record to Mr. Osbaldeston's uncertain filly now called *Sorella*, who, steered by "our John," won by a length from *The Princess*, *The Pride of Kildare*, *All-round-my-Hat*, and *Joan of Arc*. Some of Scott's party betted 2 to 1 on *The Princess*, while others, more "wide awake," took 3 to 1 about *Sorella*. This race was run exactly in the same time as the St. Leger.

Two Matches of no importance went off in forfeits; and the close of one of the best modern Northern Meetings was the race for the Town Plate of 100 sovs., heats, two miles; which, after a tedious affair, was awarded to Mr. Irvin's *Mickey Free*, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb., (*Bumby*), who beat in *four heats* four others. This *Mickey Free* is one of the most astonishing animals of the time, and in many Meetings would be allowed to run "Pony Races;" he is very *fast* and strictly *honest*.

At a Meeting held on Wednesday morning it was resolved, that in the year 1846 the owner of the second horse should receive 300 sovs. out of the St. Leger Stakes, and the owner of the third horse 100 sovs.

It has also been decided, that the races shall in 1846 commence on the Tuesday instead of Monday, but with no curtailment of the number of days.

In the Rooms on Friday a liberal subscription was made for next year, and when we state that Earl Spencer and F. A. Millbanke, Esq. are the Stewards, we can only say *they* "must command success."

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for October, 1844.



## On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILI, VET. SURGEON.

*Continued from the last number of the "Turf Register," page 593.*

### TRYING OF YEARLINGS.

IN the last three Chapters on the Training of Twelve Yearlings, I arranged them in four classes. The three first consisted of colts, three in each, and the fourth was the fillies. This was merely intended to show how the constitutions and dispositions of each class varied. But now, to give the reader a clear idea of how yearlings are to be tried, under all circumstances, I will, in this chapter, by way of example, alter the arrangement of the above twelve yearlings, by forming them into two classes only, which we will consider as consisting of six colts and six fillies in each class. Let us suppose that the above yearlings belong to one individual, and that there is in the park or on the premises of the owner, a convenient and private piece of ground, with posts erected at a suitable distance apart, to try these young ones for a little longer length (as a few strides) than they have to run in their races. (See the Racing Calendar). Now, the best way is to try each class separately, under the usual weights, as eight stone on the colts and seven stone eleven on the fillies, care having been taken by the groom that the colts are in all respects ready to be tried at the appointed time.

On the morning of the trial, the groom says to the head lad—"You must ride one of the three-year-olds to the beginning of the trial ground, to set them on their legs; let the boys give them a short gallop a little way along the bottom from the start, and then pull them up, and walk them quietly back again towards the start; and as they are doing so, tell them to walk their colts up in line with each other; then tell them to keep a steady hold of their colts' heads, and, on seeing as they approach the winning-post, that they are all ready, and that you are yourself ready with your horse to take them off, give them the word 'away.' But, from the pains we have taken in teaching them, they, for young ones, know pretty well what they are about; and, as they are kind in their tempers, I have no doubt they will all go straight enough to the end, therefore you need not go farther with them than to see them all settled in their stride; you may then take a pull, and gradually or imperceptibly, as it were, decline running on with them, but just take care to wait as far in the rear of them as to see how each of the boys gets on with his colt. I shall be waiting for them about the win-



ning-post." The groom is next to give his orders to the boys who are to ride the colts, either in the stable, or as he is going along with them to the ground. He says—"You must mind, boys, what you are about this morning, in riding your colts in their trial; mind what Charles will presently tell you; and, as you are walking up to the starting-post, be sure you are all ready with your reins knotted, and keep a steady hold of your colts' heads, so that when he gives you the word to come off with him, take all the care you possibly can to come away together; do not, on any account, let any thing like a false start happen to any of you. But now, boys, you must mind, after you are all well off, not to get pulling or holding of your colts as if you were riding horses in a race; you must be sure not to do that sort of thing." The groom, now addressing himself to a boy who looks after a colt that he has some opinion of, says to him—"Sam, you must mind what you are about, for that colt of your's seems to me to be rather a resolute ready sort of comer; you must mind to be very quiet with him. When you are well away from the start, if he likes to go to the head and make his own run, you have nothing more to do than to preserve your temper, and keep a good steady hold of his head, and let him go on with the pace as early and for as long a length as he likes, entirely of his own accord. Sit well down, and be as still on him as possible; and do not attempt in any way to urge him on beyond what he chooses to do himself; you must not do that sort of thing." The groom, now addressing himself to a boy that may be on a thick glutton of a colt, says—"Bill, mind to get well away with them, and begin early to rouse that colt of your's, for he is rather an idle one; get at his head, and twist him along, and, if you think it is necessary, make use of your spurs occasionally, to urge him to run fairly on in the whole length of the trial, or he may deceive us." The groom, in speaking to four of the other boys, as Tom, Harry, Jem, and Fred, that are on colts in the medium, (that is, such colts as are kind in their tempers, and easily rode), says—"You must be gentle with those colts of yours: as soon as you are all well away, and your colts are settled in their stride, you have only to take a quiet pull to set them a-going, and persevere with each of them by repeating the pull just as often as you find it is necessary, so as to keep them at their best pace for the whole of the run home; that is, if you find they can run well on to the finish, but certainly not otherwise; therefore, be careful to bear in mind at what part of the ground, should it so happen, your colts begin to tire or be beat for pace; and be sure you do not for a moment attempt to persevere afterwards with them, by either getting up your ashen plants, or even to kick them with your heels; you must never do this with young ones that are kind in their tempers, and that will run freely on as far as they can of themselves." The groom, in speaking again to a boy that may be on a free flighty colt, says—"Frank, you have good patience, and you must be very quiet with your colt; as soon as he is off, let him make his own run, as early and for as long a length as he likes; you have only to endeavor, by lightly holding him, to keep him together,

that is, as much within his stride as you can. If, on approaching near home, you find him beginning to tire, do not on any account attempt to strike him, or persevere with him in any way. Your better plan will be, to take a strong steady pull at him, as if you were going to pull him up, but not so determinedly as to pull him entirely out of his stride. 'The truth is, in case of your colt tiring, I want you to try, in the way I tell you, to get him as collected in himself as you can, so that he may finish the little he may have to do in concluding the trial, without, if possible, being alarmed.'

The groom, having given the above orders, proceeds on his hack to the winning-post, placing himself sufficiently wide of it to have a clear view of how each colt comes in. The length the colts have to run being but a short one, he can see pretty clearly the sort of start they make; and he must narrowly observe how they are all coming, and immediately he sees the first colt pass the winning-post, he must place the others. Having done so, and questioned the boys as to the running, he then forms his opinion of the good or bad properties of each colt, agreeably to how they were placed in the trial.

On the following morning the six fillies should be tried in the same way as the colts were; and the groom will judge of them as he did of the colts, just according as they may be placed.

We will observe, with regard to riding a yearling in a private trial, when he is well on his legs, and settled in his stride, that, if he should feel inclined to go to the head, and, by increasing his pace, he can get well away from the company, he should be permitted to do so, by being allowed to make his own run. The rider should never pull or wait with a yearling as he would do with a three or four year old in a race. Although this might be very well with one of the latter class, as he would have some idea of what his rider was about; yet it is a bad way to ride a yearling when he has not been long enough at it to know how to collect himself, and wait patiently. Pulling determinedly at him would baulk him of his stride, by which he would be flurried; indeed, if he was thus to be ridden in a trial, it would be no trial whatever. If a yearling in a trial will readily take the lead, the rider has nothing more to do than to sit quiet, and with a gentle steady pull keep his head straight, and let him go on with the pace he appears able to maintain to the end of the trial ground.

Whenever colts and fillies are tried, they should, on being pulled up after their trials, be let stand for a minute or two to recover their wind. As they are in good condition, if the morning is moderately cool, being stripped, they will not be heated in coming the length of the trial ground, they may, therefore, walk in line for a short time; or, if the water troughs are at a moderate distance, they may be walked up to them, and allowed to take a few go-downs of water; they may then walk away to the stables, or, if none of them have been alarmed in their trials, they may go gently up a short gallop, and afterwards walk back into the stables. I recommend this sort of treatment, after their being tried, in order to make their trials appear to them as much like their exercise as possible,

with a view to prevent their becoming alarmed. If any of them are frightened, from the exertion they have undergone in being tried, they will frequently refuse their corn for a stable hour or two; but, by gentle usage, and by watering them rather liberally, and not laying their corn before them in too large a quantity, they soon come to feed as usual, and forget the little bustle they had been engaged in.

It will now be advisable after a week or ten days to put into one and the same class the winner of the trial of the colts and the winner of the trial of the fillies, and such other colts or fillies of each class as were struggling near the head, or were tolerably well placed, for another trial. This trial will not only decide the difference between the colts and the fillies, but which is the best of the year out of the whole produce.

Supposing the trial to take place on a small scale, as where a breeder is breeding from four or five mares, the produce of which will, of course, consist of both colts and fillies; these, as far as regards the trying of them, may be tried together in one class; and, according as they are placed in the concluding of the trial, the groom will judge of the speed each may possess.

We now come to speak of what may be considered a good trial, which is that of any colt or filly singling itself out from a strong field of young ones, by taking the lead immediately from the starting-post, and, from superiority of speed, getting an unreasonable length in front of all the others, and maintaining this sort of speed the whole of the way to the winning-post, so that the other yearlings in the trial are not only unable to catch such colt or filly, but to stop at the pace in any part of the running. We shall suppose that two of the yearlings out of the twelve we tried were thus advantageously placed in the trial on passing the winning-post, and that one of the two was three or four lengths in front of the other, which, of course, we shall hereafter consider as our best colt. This is what may be considered a good trial, and one indeed of some importance to the owner; no matter what engagement such colt or filly may be entered into, as this is but a secondary consideration with the owner. His first object is to keep this matter a profound secret, and how this may be done shall be spoken of hereafter.

We will now suppose another case, as a man breeding from a single mare, and that he is desirous of trying her produce as a yearling, being aware that a colt or filly bred as above does occasionally turn out to be of so superior a cast, as at two or three years old to win some of the most valuable stakes we have at our principal meetings. The owner having no opportunity of trying his single produce privately at home, sends it to a training establishment to be got ready to be tried publicly, by entering it into a stakes with other yearlings, which we shall explain in the next chapter.

We will now notice some few arrangements relative to the disposal of the twelve yearlings we above supposed to have been tried. In the trying of so large a number, it will of course be found that

there is a considerable variation among them, as regards the good or bad properties they may each possess, as we have already shewn. Those of size that are thought to have sufficient speed to come short lengths, as across the flat at Newmarket, or others that are thought to be sufficiently stout to come the Derby length at Epsom, or the St. Leger at Doncaster, will in due time be suitably entered by the training groom into a few of such of the good things as are to be run for at the above-mentioned places, either by two or three year old colts or fillies. Such others of the twelve yearlings as were proved not to be quite so fast as those first mentioned, we will consider as forming an inferior class; some of which may be likely to make good country-plate horses. We will turn these out into separate paddocks, in each of which there is of course a loose house and water trough. These colts are to remain here to be well fed with corn and hay until the month of September, by which time they will be two years and a half old, when it will be proper to take them up. The remaining colts of the twelve, which were proved, on being tried, to be so inferior to the others as to be totally useless for racing, are generally ill formed as to their structure; some of them are so big, leggy and unwieldy, as to be incapable of supporting their own bodily frame in coming a racing pace for anything like a racing length. While some others may be equally inferior from being small, under-sized weedy colts, that have neither sufficient length, breadth, or substance, in any of those essential points, which would enable them to maintain their speed in a long race. These inferior colts should be disposed of as soon as possible to make room in the establishment for other stock, as also to save the expense of keep. Colts of the above description, bred in the neighborhood of Newmarket, are there sold at the spring or autumnal meetings. Others, bred in different parts of the country, if they cannot be sold, either by private contract or public sale, in the neighborhood wherein they are bred, are, if the distance is not too far, sent to London to Messrs. Tattersal's; here they are mostly sold for what they will fetch.

Previously to the concluding of this chapter, it may be necessary to observe, that the same arrangements, allowing for the difference of the year, stand good in the teaching, training, trying, running, and disposing of colts that may not be taken up from their paddocks until two years old.



“SEPTEMBER FOR EVER !”

WITH A FEW OBSERVATIONS ON THE SHOOTING SEASON.

—  
 “Remember, remember the 1st of September,  
 To take with you Powder and Shot ;  
 Guy Fawkes look'd to *his* on the 5th of November,  
 But *we* 'gainst the *Partridges* plot.”

GUY'S MELODIES (New Version.)

WELCOME, thrice welcome, joyous, jocund, popping First of September ! “Here you are again,” as poor old Joe Grimaldi was wont to say in days of yore when pantomimes *were* pantomimes. The opening day this year will be a glorious one for the Frenchmen, as it falls on a Sunday ; and we all know that a Sunday in France is a holiday amongst all classes from the highest to the lowest, and wo to the coveys after *grande messe* on this “werry identical” Sunday, the 1st of September 1844 ! Nobles, ignobles, poor, and peasant will blaze away powder by the pound, and I will be sworn that the majority of the *Chasseurs* will make a *mess* of the shooting, even after the Priest shall have dismissed them from their devotional duties. As our own Clergy will not be quite so indulgent to us miserable sinners as to permit us to profane the Sabbath with impunity, what are we to do ? I see nothing for it but invoking St. Patrick to exercise his tutelary influence, and make the *first* on the *second*. Should, however, his Saintship run rusty, and turn a deaf ear to us heretics in consequence of his pet child “Dan” being kept out of mischief in the Richmond Penitentiary, why we must to Church like good Christians, listen to a homily on patience, and wait after the fashion of “Job” for the dawn of the following morning. There are many greater crimes committed on a Sunday—in my sinful eyes at least—than shooting : not that I mean to advocate the desecration of the Sabbath ; neither do I hold with the hackneyed adage of “the better day the better deed,” as I am of opinion, that for the sake of example to our dependants it is doubtless right and proper that the seventh day should in every sense of the word be one of rest. But is it not notorious that more than one commandment is openly set at defiance and unblushingly broken by rich and poor on the Sunday in this country ? as if it were expressly selected for the commission of irregularities in defiance of public opinion and religious duty—and, of the three, I should say that shooting would be a more venial transgression than.....

But a truce to moralizing ! What have we Sportsmen to do with the peccadilloes of our neighbors ? So let us talk of what amusement we may look forward to on the Monday. I have taken some pains to pick up all the information I could as to our prospect of sport during the forthcoming campaign ; and I am rejoiced



to say that the reports both written and verbal which I have received give promise of an unusually good season. The weather during the hatching month has been all that we could desire; a year more favorable to the partridge-shooter was scarcely ever known: and I greatly err if the year 1844 will not deserve a notch in the Sportsman's calendar. In the low meadow lands some few nests have fallen before the scythe of the mower, but the bulletins from all parts of the country assure me that the coveys are numerous as well as large. Berkshire, Wiltshire, Hampshire, and Hertfordshire I can vouch for, as well as Lincolnshire and Leicestershire. I have correspondents in every one of these counties, and there is but one opinion on the subject. All this is cheering and delightful; and I predict that Monday will be anything but a "black Monday" (as the schoolboy says) to the shooter, whatever the partridges may think of it. I need not tell my Readers that the harvest has been a very forward one: the wheat will have been garnered in the Western and Midland Counties at least a fortnight and in some districts three weeks before the 1st; so that we shall have a fair field for our operations; and the legitimate shooter will not grumble at the birds being strong on the wing, and rather wilder from having been driven from their accustomed shelter.

In my immediate neighborhood, the South-eastern corner of Devonshire, birds are plentiful and the coveys more numerous than have been known for years. I have seen several coveys of eighteen, twenty, and twenty-one birds each, and this I am told is the average number around our village and in the neighboring parishes. This is the result of fair shooting; for last year we took especial care not to slaughter the birds indiscriminately. As I am on friendly terms with all the farmers and landed proprietors hereabouts, I look forward to excellent sport during the month.

I fear the long-continued drought may have been destructive to the pheasants: we all know they cannot live without water; and in those higher grounds where the rills have ceased to flow, many young birds have been sacrificed. I have a letter before me from an old friend, one of the best sportsmen in England, whose preserves are as well stocked as any private Gentleman's need to be and he tells me that his pheasants have been dying *by hundreds* in Berkshire from want of water. I have every reason to hope, however, that the coppices in our low grounds have yielded sufficient moisture to the few pheasants we have about here, as to secure us the usual quantum of long-tails for the month of October. Our Rector and myself left lots of hens last year: and my friend Mr. Halse, of Bruckland, assures me that we shall not be disappointed in our expectation of finding plenty of "food for powder" when the time comes, and I can promise to find *powder* for the food on the first of October.

The farmers are all in high feather hereabouts—the harvest has been a glorious one—the quality of the wheat is superlatively good, and the ear fuller than has been known for many a year. The barley and oats will be below par; but the excellence of the wheat amply atones for any deficiency in these crops; so that on

the whole we West-country folks are in no danger of starving. We are sure of bread; the game to eat with it is next to a certainty; and the apple-trees, being positively loaded with fruit, give promise of lots of cider wherewith to wash down our fare in perspective.

I do not set up for a Sporting "Murphy"—(N.B. I do not mean a potato)—for I never prophesy unless I know my predictions will be *verified*: but if this be not one of the best partridge seasons we have had for many a long year, the Readers of *Maga* are at liberty to call *Detonator* a muff, and set him down as a charlatan. A spring and summer more favorable for incubation and preservation of the young broods I never remember; and last year was in contradistinction awfully destructive to every description of game: fur and feather suffered alike, for never since the days of Noah was such a flood known as swept our hills and dales in May 1843. Of a verity we have a brilliant prospect before us. I would that I were in a better bird country than Devonshire; but the Fates have so willed it, and here must I be content with the sport within my reach. Bad as the country confessedly is, I look for twenty brace of birds on the first day, for I know of twenty coveys within a circumference of three miles from my cottage.

If any one of my brother Sportsmen has invested a portion of his capital in the purchase of one of Mr. Needham's patent self-priming guns, I should esteem it a favor of no little magnitude if he will let me know his opinion of the invention after having duly tested its merits in the field. I have seen one of Mr. Needham's guns, and, as far as workmanship goes, it was unsurpassable: the mechanism, as applied to this improvement, appeared to me extremely simple as well as effective, and this addition to the ordinary double-barrelled gun is rather ornamental than otherwise. All I wish to be satisfied about is its practical superiority for *active service*; and if any Knight of the Trigger has had curiosity enough to make the experiment, I shall feel greatly indebted to him if he will candidly give me his opinion of this ingenious contrivance.

We all have our fancies as regard guns, as well as about horses and dogs. Some prefer bays to browns, chesnuts to greys; some affection setters rather than pointers: guns, however, are fashioned by the hand of man, and we have as extensive a supply in this Metropolis to select from as if they were showered upon us ready made from above. Joe Manton was the emperor of gun-makers, and his genius (for he was more than a man of talent) threw a light on this branch of a useful trade, from which we are one and all deriving benefit at the present day. The improvements in boring, breeching, and percussion, all emanated from his comprehensive mind, and the perfection to which our doubles have been brought is owing to his persevering industry, labor, and talent. We can challenge the world for workmanship, and as to excellence of material, strength of shooting, closeness of carrying, as well as distance, we are immeasurably superior to every other nation. Where are such men to be found out of Old England as

Purday, Wm. More, Lang, Lancaster, John Manton, and last, though not least, Westly Richards? Where indeed! Nock is *mort*, as the French says, which means in English that he is *no more*; and "Eggs" guns are only used by the unfair shooter and lawless depredators, as they are unquestionably the best for *poaching*.

That Prince of Sportsmen and *beau ideal* of an English Gentleman and old soldier, Colonel Hawker, with whom I have the honor of being acquainted, swears by Lancaster: Mr. Wickham, whom I have also the pleasure of knowing, patronises Lang of the Haymarket: he (Mr. Wickham, and Mr. Lang too) is a capital Sportsman, and a first-rate shot to boot: so that what with Lang's hard-hitting guns, held by a practised and steady hand and guided by an unerring eye, the birds have but a bad chance in heath, stubble, or covert. William Moore's guns are as near perfection as possible; they shoot terrifically: and John Manton, of Dover Street, has not a few of our crack Shots on his list of customers. Westly Richards's guns, however, in addition to their moderate price, combine every excellence—viz. strength, close-carrying, and quickness of shooting:—this latter quality is to be attributed to his blessed invention of the "patent primer," the greatest boon ever conferred upon the Sportsman, and I shall stick to the Bishop of Bond Street until I can find a gun that will beat the one he provided me with; and this, I opine, would puzzle the whole fraternity of gun-makers to produce.

Before I close this very brief notice, one word about that very essential article, powder. There is more adulteration and roguery practised in the sale of this material than the generality of people are aware of; and let me advise the inexperienced in such matters never to purchase powder in a country-town or village if they can help it. Instead of a genuine clear-shooting, strong-shooting, death-dealing compound, they will find, nine times in ten, a filthy combination of charcoal, soot, saltpetre, and sulphur, emitting a poisonous suffocating smell, and smearing the gun and everything it comes in contact with as effectually as if daubed with lampblack. The best, the strongest, and the cleanest powder (and I have tried all) is Curtis and Harvey's *diamond grain*. Strange as it may sound, or read, if it be had genuine from the maker, it will be found to kill *ten yards* further than any other. This is rather a startling assertion, but it is *a fact*, and I have proved it over and over again. For grouse-shooting it will be found invaluable as it is indeed, in covert, for pheasants. A few pounds are easily packed in a portmanteau, and in the true spirit of good fellowship I recommend all Sportsmen, young and old, of high or low degree, to carry a stock with them wherever they go. This, with a few of Eley's wire-cartridges for the left barrel of one of Westly Richards's guns, mounted with his patent primers, *must* do execution. A cool head and steady hand of course must govern all: and may we each of us be up to the mark on Monday the 2d, our dogs and ourselves in good wind, and the birds plentiful, prays *Muga's* old Contributor, DETONATOR.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for September, 1844.

## REPORTS OF THE COMMITTEES ON GAMING.

BY CASTOR.

It was our full intention to have taken a review of those terrible "blue books" in our last number, but on second consideration we deemed the Derby trial quite law enough for one month in a magazine, the grand object of which professes to be what poor Hudson, the comic singer, would have called "Pleasure and Relaxation." Moreover, from having thus ordered the Common's Report to lie on the table for a few weeks, we are enabled to include with our notice of it a greater portion of the evidence taken before the committee of the Upper House; we might, indeed, have waited longer, so as to have had the two reports complete, but, as we intimated last month, there is reason to believe that the conclusion of the inquiry made by the Lords will not be published. The second report, printed by order on the 25th of July, is confined to the evidence of the hero of this eventful history—Mr. J. T. Russell, solicitor, of 37, Percy Street, Bedford-square: a gentleman who prayed to be examined, was examined accordingly (at least up to a certain point), and from whose straight-forward, highly-credible testimony we gather the following particulars of the rise and progress of the Qui Tam actions.

Something like a year since, as Mr. J. T. Russell was leaving his office one morning, a gentlemanly-looking man-about-town sort of fellow met him at the door, and requested a few minutes' private conversation, which this eminent solicitor, not being particularly engaged at the time, immediately granted. The man about town (Mr. Russell doesn't know him by any other name up to this day) is asked in, and asked to sit down, and, having accepted of these civilities in the same kind spirit in which they were offered, proceeds at once to business. Did Mr. Russell know whether an action could be brought against a man for winning money by betting on horse-racing—and would Mr. Russell draw out a case to take counsel's opinion on, so as to ascertain conclusively whether it was to be or not to be? Mr. Russell didn't exactly know at the moment, but he'd see—takes a look at that infernal statute of her lady Majesty, Queen Anne, prepares the case, gets Mr. Erle's opinion, pockets his fee, and informs the mysterious, perhaps illustrious, stranger, that it is to be done. Of course, the natural rejoinder from the unknown is that he (Russell) will do it, but here we find how terribly he had mistaken his man. No, Mr. Russell would rather not; he was on terms of intimacy with many heavy betting men, and should be sorry to do them so great an injury. All honor to the Russell! a man and a lawyer, who sacrifices the profits of the profession to the sacred ties of friendship! "Well," says this tempter—this evil genius, "if your conscience won't



allow you to engage in the matter, I'll be bound I will soon find a man that will:" and this threat, we are sorry to say for the sake of poor humanity, settles the question. After a vain attempt to dissuade his seducer from going on, Mr. Russell declares his willingness to go on himself. So far the lawyer triumphs over the philanthropist, though the reason Mr. Russell gives for accepting office happily in some measure qualifies the situation in which he had condescended to place himself. Why did he undertake the job? Why! if *he* didn't, somebody else would. Nay! he undertook it solely that he might protect, that is, not proceed against the parties with whom he was intimate! Talk of immunity—talk of a king that *can* do no wrong! Why, I'll ruin the whole family of Rothschild if they'll only find pluck enough to back their opinion; and as to consequences, punishment, and penalties—*pshaw*—stand out of the way, sir.—Damn it!—don't you know I'm a friend of Mr. Russell's? O, Richmond, Richmond, if Russell, solicitor, had only been included amongst the fashionables who are provided with bed and breakfast at Goodwood House during the week, we should have heard nothing of this; or if Eglintoun had only opened his heart and his castle, his St. Leger sovereigns might have rested in peace.

The first act, as we have shown, concludes with the Bedford-square attorney's installation as managing-man for the plaintiff; the second opens with a declaration from the stranger—the man about town (confound the fellow! we wish Lord Glasgow would lay hold of him, and "Give-him-a-name,")—that he is only the agent, the friend of the man who finds the money, and the anxiety to put an end to this system: and we may as well remark here, wishing to keep the plot as clear as possible, that the man about town forthwith makes his exit, all further communication being carried on between the *bona fide* plaintiff and his solicitor. Now this said plaintiff has all through shown great backwardness in coming forward; it consequently became necessary to find some ostensible plaintiff, in whose name the different actions might be proceeded with; this Mr. Russell was not long in effecting, having fixed on his own brother, whose character, as he candidly confesses, he knew to be already so tarnished, that merely bringing these actions could in no way injure him. We certainly agree with our learned friend here; the brother having, by his own evidence, figured as head man in robbing a hell—we must in justice to him add that we never heard of his robbing a church—because, we believe, he never had an opportunity. Well, instead of having been, as he might and ought, transported, his brother, the lawyer, compromises the felony, and his own *fair fame*, by saving the felon for other and better things! And these are the men who come armed with all the power of the law to enrich themselves and do the public good service by putting a stop to excessive gaming: the agent or professional man, one who at this moment stands a self-acknowledged defaulter by betting on horse-racing! The informer, one who broke his trust and the cash box while porter at a common gambling-house! Open robbery, shuffling, swindling, every kind



of rascality that has a name, we have it here, "and for these courtesies we give you thus much monies!" If ever common justice or common sense called on Parliament to use its prerogative, this was the case; and if ever you, Mr. J. T. Russell, solicitor, made a mistake, it was when you called on the committee for a public examination.

*Apropos* of "calling-on—mistakes—and Parliament," we may be pardoned in giving a few words to Mr. Milner Gibson, a gentleman chosen by the men of Manchester to represent their interest in the House of Commons, but who for his own part chose to represent therein the interest of the Messrs. Russell. Mr. Milner Gibson, who, it appears from the evidence of his friend, Mr. J. T. Russell, did not understand anything of the subject then under the consideration of the House, but who, nevertheless, being desirous of becoming a prominent man somehow or other, undertook to appear as the mouth-piece of those who did. Accordingly we find the honorable member holding consultations, private and confidential, at his own house, once or twice a week, with this highly respectable new made acquaintance, and thence proceeding to his committee primed with questions and suggestions, all given by, and all to be used for the advantage of, those much abused patriots, those dabblers in horse-racing, bank-breaking, law-making, elbow-shaking, or any other method of putting money in the purse—the talented Adelphi. We said we had a *few* words for Mr. Gibson, and really after the dressing Lord George Bentinck gave the honorable member face to face in the House, agreeing too as we do in every word of it, we should have contrived to have omitted the member for Manchester's name altogether, had it not been for a remark made by Mr. Starkie in the course of his examination before the committee of the lower House. We must premise, or rather repeat, that we think the love of popularity, notoriety, or celebrity (we won't cavil for terms) had quite as much, or more influence than any other feeling with Mr. Gibson, when he volunteered his services as leading man in a matter of which he was almost, if not entirely ignorant; with this idea we respectfully call his attention to page 2 answer 8 of the Commons' report, where he will find it thus written:—

"Mr. Justice Blackstone classes the offence of gaming immediately under that of luxury, after those statutes which refer to excess in diet. One remarkable one, he says, there still remains unrepealed, the 10th Edward III, c. 3, which ordains that no man shall be served at dinner or supper with more than two courses, except upon some great holidays."

Now here we should say was an opening much more to his *taste*, and far more likely to raise him in the estimation of those who only get half a dinner and no supper at all. Only consider what a delicious report a committee might make on the subject—the injury of heavy feeding to the constitution, compared with that of heavy betting to the purse; the tricks of the table as well as the turf; the extravagance certain parties are guilty of in giving their parties; the examination of Alderman Such-a-one as to what he has

seen, not what he has *done* in this line, as that might tend to criminate himself; and then, by Jove! what a capital notion, calling Monsieur Ude: if you'll only question him half as closely as you did his late master, it is all U P with Crockford's, and no mistake. There is not the shadow of a chance for escaping either way. One man has a turn for the hazard table, and down you come on him with Queen Anne; another for the dinner table, and you nail him with Edward the Third—a back-hand with the box or the beef are equally indictable—a third rubber, a third heat, or a third course, luxuries that should and shall be put a stop to. Again, only fancy what a knowing idea it would be to go hand and glove through the business with some practical man, who had proved his experience by a conviction for robbing the plate-chest or the cellar; indeed we have fully expected to see, since this has been made public, some such advertisements as the following in *The Times* or *Post*:—"To butlers out of place: wanted immediately, a person who has lately served in the above capacity, in a nobleman's family;" or, "Gentlemen's servants without characters or employment may hear of something to their advantage by applying to Milner Gibson, Esq., M. P., Lobby of the House of Commons, or to Mr. J. T. Russell, Solicitor, Percy-street, Bedford-square. All letters post paid"

Judging it to be extremely probable that the majority of the readers of this magazine may lack either the opportunity or assiduity to labor through the mass of evidence sent forth, we shall abridge rather than review the testimony of the principal persons called, and conclude *our* report with a few observations on the report of the Committee, that is the report from the Commons, the upper house not having, at the time we write, sent one in; indeed, with the exception of the evidence given by Mr. E. S. Bailey and Mr. J. T. Russell, Solicitors (we hope Mr. Bailey will pardon our coupling his name in the way we have), the more important parts of the peers' labors are little beyond a repetition of what has already been published.

In the first place, then, the Committee called in the assistance of "three learned persons," Mr. Justice Patterson and Messrs. Starkie and Bellenden Ker, the two Commissioners for making a digest of the criminal law, and obtained from these gentlemen a full and accurate detail of the enactments now in force which bear upon gaming of all kinds. Now we trust we shall be easily believed when we affirm that we have found very little entertaining matter in these awfully learned statements; and though perhaps the substance of their authors' studies and experience might produce two or three readable papers for "*The Law Times*," not having ourselves been bred to the bar, or the bar bred to us, we shall be satisfied, and we hope the reader will, with what the Committee have said on the subject, which we shall come to in due time.

The chosen of the Commons—by the way, we may as well give their names:

Viscount Palmerston, Chairman, Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. Lascelles, Mr. James Wortley, Mr. Hayter, Mr. Martin Blake, Mr.

Bickham Escott, Mr. Vernon Smith, Mr. Cochrane, Viscount Jocelyn, Mr. Hawes, Colonel Peel, Captain Berkeley, Sir Horace Seymore, Mr. Manners Sutton.

Well, the above or such of the above as thought proper to attend, having been informed, to their extreme gratification, that there were acts enough on the statute book against pleasure, playing, and luxury, to make (that is, providing they were only *all* properly enforced) an English gentleman about the most miserable, hand and tonguetied, see-and-say-nothing-to-nobody sort of a sinner on the face of the earth, determined, as the next move, to find how people got through or over these would be "stoppers." Accordingly, we have Richard Mayne, Esq., a Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police; Mr. Thomas Baker, a Superintendent in the same service; Thomas J. Hall, Esq., Chief Magistrate at Bow-street; George Long, Esq., Chief Magistrate at High-street, Marylebone, but late of Marlborough-street; Mr. Serjeant Adams, Chairman of the Middlesex Quarter Sessions; Daniel Whittle Harvey, Esq., Commissioner of the City Police; and the Honorable Frederick Byng, Chairman of the Petty Sessions, all called in one after another to enlighten the Committee as to the extent and the system on which common gaming or gambling was practised in this great metropolis. We think we never saw a more interesting or more important body of information than that which results from the examination of two of these witnesses, Mr. Mayne and his assistant, Baker; we particularize them, as the experience of the others has been confined to hearing causes in courts of justice, which any one in the habit of reading the daily papers must be tolerably familiar with; indeed, the object of the Committee, with reference to these latter gentlemen, appears rather to be in taking their opinions on the subject in general, than in seeking or expecting to hear anything of weight that has hitherto been kept quiet. We must say that, in some respects, we do not see the advantage of this plan; as, for instance, when Mr. Hall tells some honorable member that he had had no experience in, and knew nothing of, horse racing, we think it very like time and trouble thrown away to go on boring his worship with questions as to what he thought and what he would do—both the questioned and questioner feeling all the time that not the slightest consideration ought to be given to the answers. To return, however, to the two first-named in this division—Messrs. Mayne and Baker; and, in doing so, we confess that in the limits we allow ourselves we are quite unable to give anything like justice to their useful, and, we may say, entertaining narratives. We shall, nevertheless, attempt a *multum in parvo* outline, on the same plan Mr. Kemble treats us to Shakspeare—"not a little compressed."

In the city—according to Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey—gaming is almost entirely confined\* to juveniles and "pitch-and-hustle;" for a most scientific account of this amusement, we would refer the uninitiated to the evidence of Mr. Hall, who shows himself

\* Of course we bar stock-jobbing *in toto*, as ruinous a game as ever cleaned out "a sporting gentleman."

much more at home in this line than he does on the turf. Well ! there is no gambling in the city, because at the time fashion and convenience have fixed on for gambling there is, comparatively speaking, nobody in the city. But take the west-end, just when the shades of evening are closing o'er us. Alas, alas ! Newcastle for racing, and St. James's for hells, hazard, and ruination. Every fellow with a spice of devil in him, every man with a craving for excitement and self-sacrifice, finds opportunities and allurements without end in his after-dinner stroll from Crockford's Club House to Leicester-square. Here you have 'em, all sorts and all sizes—Greeks, punters, Germans, freshmen, flashmen, and Frenchmen. On this side of the way, an amiable young nobleman is rapidly approaching a state of affairs that will render a sacrifice of estate necessary for the preservation of his hereditary honor ; on the other, an intelligent young shopman is working gradually on, by a similar process, to a climax that will lead to a personal transfer on his part to other quarters. The same unhappy spirit predominates alike with what are generally termed the *oi polloi*, and with what poor Lord Kintore used to designate the *oi swelloi*. Guardsmen, no longer on their guard, find a fatal hostility in the fortune of war ; and more humble youths, from an insane passion for *counters*, are removed from *the Counter* and called to the bar. And this, all this, going on hour after hour and night after night ; the common hells are opened as regularly as the theatres, hotels, eating-houses, or any other place of public entertainment ! Why where and what can the police be about ? This is a very serious, highly important question ; and, though running to some length, we must, in justice, leave the reply to Mr. Superintendent Baker himself :—

“ I beg most respectfully to lay before the commissioners a few observations for their consideration, being extremely anxious that something more should be done respecting the gaming-houses, to put them down, which are the cause of so many young men's ruin, and, at the same time, show to the commissioners the difficulties I have to contend with before an entry can be effected, from the reluctance of the house keepers to make the required affidavits, from not wishing to have their names brought forward in such matters ; also from the great difficulty in gaining an entrance to a gaming-house, from their extreme caution and watchfulness, besides the strength of their doors and fastenings, which gives them ample time to remove any implement of gaming they have from the premises ; their vigilance is such that it is impossible to obtain an entry for the purpose of seeing play, unless treachery is used with some of the players, which is attended by danger and great expense. On the slightest alarm, the cloths, which are thrown loose over a common table, &c., are in one moment removed and secreted about the person of the keepers, &c. ; and, as the present law stands, the police are not empowered to search them at all. There are no complaints by the housekeepers respecting the gaming houses, and, in every instance of putting them down, the police have been obliged almost to compel them to go to the police court to swear to the necessary affidavits ; such has been their re-



luctance. As the present law stands, before I can enter a gaming-house with safety, I am obliged to go through the following forms : —1st, to make such inquiry as to leave no doubt that gaming is carried on in a house ; 2nd, to make a report of the circumstance to the commissioners ; 3rd, to show the said report to the housekeepers residing in the parish and neighborhood where the house is situated, and the offence carried on, for them to make the necessary affidavits ; 4th, to prepare affidavits for the housekeepers to sign, in the presence of the magistrates ; 5th, to make a report of the same to the commissioners when sworn to ; 6th, to make out the commissioners' warrant for me and the police under my command to enter ; 7th, to endeavor, if possible, to get an officer in disguise into the gaming-house to witness play being carried on previous to my entry, which is the most difficult task to encounter, as no one is admitted unless brought there by a Bonnet or a playman, as a pigeon, or freshman, commonly known as Punters or Flats. Since my entry into No 34, St. James's-street—kept by Isaiah Smart, whose son was killed by a fall from the roof in endeavoring to escape from the police—there is no doubt that the gamblers have exercised the greatest ingenuity in their power in order to entrap me into a false entry on their premises, by lighting up their rooms, as if play was going on ; employing persons to watch, both outside and in, to give the alarm on the appearance of any of the police passing, so that if I was tempted to make an entry, without taking the precaution of having an officer inside to prove gaming, there is not the least doubt but that they would instantly catch at the opportunity of bringing an action against me for trespass, &c., and thereby effect my ruin. I have received information that such is the case in the event of my making one false step, and which I have every reason to believe is true."

Notwithstanding the many very weighty reasons here given for the caution and hesitation displayed by the force, the committee report that they think these apprehensions and dread of action for trespass have been carried too far ; an extent to which we can scarcely follow the honorable members. In the first place, there is no class of public men which the public press, and, we are afraid we must say, the public in general, are so ready to fall foul of as *the police* ; in the second, there is no right or privilege (a fine one, we admit, when properly exerted) so used or abused for a clap-trap cry as—"Every man's house is his castle." Now here we have these two popular notions brought bang into one focus with their united strength to bear down on the heads of the unfortunate "Blues ;" and just let us suppose that Mr. Superintendent Baker's desire to do his duty, or some deep decoy's desire to *do* him, had for once led him wrong, and induced him to break into a private house and break up a private party, wouldn't any young gentleman from Oxford, any gallant officer on half-pay, or any respectable solicitor of that party be perfectly justified in returning the compliment by *in principio* breaking the head or neck of the intruder, and then bringing an action against his executors for trespass ? Of course he would, and the press would call him a fine spirited fellow, and ask



when this atrocity on the part of the police was to be put a stop to ? though, perhaps, the Oxonian had post-obited his papa to the highest creditable amount that very night, and the captain a breeches pocket full of loaded dice at the time he belied the title of his "life-preserver." We must, however, say, that this inquiry appears to have acted as a spur to the exertions of the police, for just as the committee closed their labors (9th May), seventeen common gaming-houses, in or near St. James's-street, were entered by preconcerted arrangement on the same night, and seventy-eight players or playmen apprehended. It could have been scarcely expected that *all* these attacks would prove successful ; still, though there were cases in which no conviction followed, we believe there was not even a threat held out of further proceedings on the part of the fraternity whose business was thus so generally and so determinedly put a stop to ; indeed, the hellites seem quite disheartened with the dead set made at them in town and country, and to have drawn in their horns, like all bullies, proportionately as the enterprising spirit of their antagonists increased. Considering the committee have made two excellent suggestions for their brother legislators to work upon, and considering what the police have shown they can do under the present system when put to their mettle, perhaps it is saying too much to urge that sufficient attention has not been paid to the alterations and amendments the force appeared to think absolutely necessary for the effectual suppression of common gaming-houses : yet we should certainly have been more pleased to have found a word or two in the report touching the oaths of two householders, previous to any active measures being commenced, as the law stands at present ; more particularly as all these householders have, without exception, not only shown the greatest reluctance to inform, but many of them, so far from regarding their neighbors as a nuisance, appear (and no doubt with reason) to rank them amongst their best customers. Now this touting for complaints we hold to be one great advantage to the offender ; the chances of his "getting the office," and so being prepared to receive his unwelcome guest, being visibly increased thereby ; whereas, if the signal were left to the discretion of the commissioners, the parties about to be honored could not hope for the ghost of a hint ; but this again might increase the liability of that gentleman, and we shall, consequently, not press our amendment. To return, however, to the suggestions of the committee :—

In the first place, they recommend all penalties in future to be paid in hard labor, instead of, as hitherto, in hard cash ; a capital plan, which must tell heavily on some of the emaciated frames of the *nocte volamus* gentlemen, to say nothing of the *mental* suffering and *self-degradation* attendant thereon ; if we mistake not, Mr. Durden, the Hampton martyr, was the first to experience this wholesome change. The second wish of the committee is, that the police have a right of searching all persons found on the premises : equally good, or, if possible, better still, for when we are told that the invaders have almost, in every instance, to demolish three or four strong iron doors, and an equal number of door-keepers built

on the same plan, it is rather a matter of astonishment that they see anything beyond a room full of somewhat excited swells overcharged with indignation and unlawful impediments. In concluding this branch of our subject, we must add that the committee have been puzzled all through how to draw the line between such houses as Crockford's and the common hells; they, however, appear to have been satisfied with Captain Rous's opinion, and as we fully coincide with the honorable and gallant captain on this subject, we feel great pleasure in giving our readers the benefit of it:—

“Would you draw a distinction between a common gaming-house and such as it is supposed Crockford's was?”

“I would draw the greatest distinction possible: for the members of Crockford's club are persons of a certain station, and, therefore, it signifies very little to the working people and the prosperity of the country whether those men are ruined. If a man of £100,000 a year loses it, the country will be the better for it; but if persons engaged in mercantile and banking establishments were induced to lose money that does not belong to them, the commercial and banking community would be very much injured.”

“And so say all of us.” We were afraid, in fact, we have been told, that we were too hard on this pattern-card in our notice of its founder a month or two back; but we don't think we can have gone far wrong when we have such a thorough sportsman and such a judge of racing (some say these two pursuits are inseparable), as Captain Rous declaring that “he deemed it prudent to take his name out of Crockford's the year before he was married, and that for his own part he wished the house had been burnt down many years ago.”

The committee having thus obtained full particulars regarding one of the grand features of Life in London, next turned their attention to the locomotives—those liberal supporters of racing, the gambling-booth keepers and thimble-riggers; and for information under this head availed themselves of the experience of Robert Baxter, Esq., solicitor, Doncaster; Mr. Rushbridger, a superintendent at Goodwood; Mr. W. Hibbert, connected with Ascot and Egham; and Messrs. Parsons and Bernard, speculators in minor metropolitan meetings. The testimony of Mr. Baxter, a worthy man, who, for the last twenty years, has been fruitlessly endeavoring to benefit his country and himself by putting down gaming in the north, and whose praiseworthy efforts have been constantly met with the rotten eggs and reproaches of his admiring fellow townsmen; his evidence, we say, is of little import just now, it being proved day by day that gambling on race-courses *can* and will be dispensed with. The main point with the others called is, however, of much greater weight, and resolves itself into this question:—By putting an end to gaming on race-courses, shall we not, in a great measure, be putting an end to racing on race-courses? Placing it in the most favorable light, we will say that the majority of the spectators come to see the racing; but then if there is no money to be run for, we shall have no race-horses; and if there are

no races to be run for, of course there will be no visitors—"no nothing" in fact. Newmarket (in particular), Goodwood, Epsom, Liverpool, and other first class meetings, will, we have little doubt, go on nearly as well as ever (we have our doubts as to the *quite* with some of them), but really when we are told that a refreshment booth gives *fifteen shillings* ground rent, and a gambling-shop of the same size *one hundred and twenty-five pounds*! we must confess we expect to find a falling off in the "Places of Sport." Parsons and Co., indeed, who work entirely on the *ex nihilo nihil fit* principle, already proclaim their occupation gone, and sport a face "as long as a courtier's out of place;" for such we cannot, however, feel much sympathy, being heartily rejoiced that this heavy clog on one of our most national and legitimate sports is removed, although, for a time at least, we fear it must tell on the sport itself.

This concludes (properly speaking) the Report on gaming. The *turf* evidence, which the committee have been pleased to couple with it, we must defer to another time and opportunity.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for September, 1844.

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## ON TRAINING THE RACE-HORSE.

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BY COTHERSTONE.

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### TRIALS.

THE necessity of ascertaining a horse's powers before he is brought out to run in public, must be obvious to every one, and it is a subject of no mean importance; by the opinion which is formed of him in his trials, the propriety of paying forfeit, or starting him for such stakes as he may be engaged in, will depend; and furthermore, the propriety of backing him for a still greater sum must be determined.

It must be observed that the most extraordinary and the grossest mistakes are not unfrequently made in trials, and, through them, very unjust estimates are formed. They arise from a great variety of circumstances: among others, a sanguine hope that the young animal which a man has reared and fostered, which he has daily and hourly watched with the utmost attention, becomes so much the darling of his heart, that he can contemplate no failings; on the other hand, he believes him to possess every perfection, combined with most superior powers; and so influential are the first impressions of human nature, that it is often difficult to eradicate those which are once established, however erroneous they may appear in the estimation of the unbiassed portion of the creation. These feelings are known to exist by the trainer, the jockey, and the stable-boy, each of whom has acumen enough to be cautious of offending his employer, and are indefatigable in endeavoring to

hide the faults and develop the merits of the favorite in the most flattering terms. Thus, if in the trial he is defeated, some excuse is made; he is discovered to be not quite fit—that he did not get off well—that he slipped—or some other cause is assigned as an apology; the real one, that he is not good enough, never being suffered to maintain a position in the argument. When the result of the trial produces a favorable termination, it very frequently arises from the neglect of making the pace strong enough, without which a bad young one will beat a tolerably good old one. It is a very common thing to find that old horses, as they improve in stoutness, diminish in speed; thus, single-handed, they are not honest tests of the merits of young ones. To have a trial which is really to be depended on, it is requisite to start two or three young ones, with a horse four years old or upwards, who has not lost his speed, to make the running; at the same time, it is necessary that the latter has recently been running in public—they are found to vary so much at different times of the year. Before it is possible to form an accurate estimate of the powers of a horse, three or four trials must be obtained, and the important fact established whether his speed or stoutness be the best. I have known trainers make the most culpable mistakes on this point, from trusting to their imagination, instead of resorting to actual proof. The weights at which they are tried must depend upon the goodness of the trial horse and the time of year, which latter circumstance may easily be determined by reference to the Calendar. The nature of the course, whether hilly or flat, on which a horse can run to the greatest advantage should also be ascertained; some little judgment of this may be formed in the common course of exercise; but it may be taken as an established fact that, previously to running, no true opinion can be formed of any horse, except after two or three well-directed and unbiassed trials, favor and affection to any one being completely set at defiance. A trainer having acquired some knowledge of the merits of a young horse, has undoubtedly a great advantage, if he makes the most of it, in knowing how to run him. His first object should be to ascertain beyond doubt what are the most certain points on which his horse may be most likely to be defeated, so that, on the other hand, he may know how to run him with the best possible prospect of success. It is very commonly the case that owners of horses and trainers are satisfied if the result of a trial flatters them in the belief that a certain horse has some running about him, without investigating sufficiently to ascertain the best characteristics with which he is endowed.

If trials are to be looked upon as affording real information, each horse must be prepared with as much scrupulous attention as if he were going to run in public; unequivocal proof should be sought for, and nothing deemed satisfactory until it is established. In order to ascertain a horse's power, it is obvious that he must be beaten, because however often he may be tried, either in private or in public, it is impossible, so long as he prove to be a winner, to say how much farther he could have won had there been a horse superior to the one which was second to have got greater efforts



out of the victor. The rock upon which so many persons founder in trials is having a slow old horse in the capacity of schoolmaster—one whose speed is so much reduced that, at the distance which young ones are tried, he cannot go fast enough to get them out; in consequence of which they win their trials; and are immediately supposed to be flyers. The best horse to try young ones with, is a speedy animal who can run but a mile; if his rider have orders to make the pace as good as he can, he will stretch the necks of the tyros, and effect some measure that may be relied upon.

It frequently happens that a boy is put up to ride the trial horse, and jockeys are employed to ride the juveniles; this is just reversing the order of propriety, because the boy is required to perform the most difficult and important duty, that of making the running; and the experienced jockeys being upon the young ones, their performances are made to appear more flattering than they really ought to be.

There are many persons who place but little faith in private trials. That they should not be held very cheap in many instances is neither to be wondered at or condemned; independently of the mistakes which are made, the misrepresentations of the results are very frequently so great that no reliance can be placed on their truth.

The vast secrecy which is on many occasions employed to keep the result of a trial from the knowledge of the vulgar public is oftentimes exceedingly unnecessary, as well as being marvellously troublesome to those who are concerned; indeed, if a trainer knows his business, he need not care who witnesses the trial, because, if properly managed, no man can possibly be wiser from what he sees—indeed, he is certain to be misled. Here I must, however, in order to avoid inculcating a principle of deception, and entailing upon myself a censure which I should by so doing richly deserve, explain the difference between misinforming a friend, and using those precautions which the peculiarity of the transaction requires for the purpose of maintaining secrecy into that which the intruding and impertinent eye of a bystander has no right to be rewarded by being permitted to penetrate into facts of so private a nature.

Any man who would be guilty of misinforming an acquaintance, and thereby inducing him to back a bad horse, does so for the ostensible purpose, directly or indirectly, of robbing him; it matters but little whether he actually win from the person so deceived by directing an agent to bet with that individual, his friend is caused to lose his money, others follow his example in backing the horse, and the treacherous knave wins his stake from some one: such deception cannot be too severely condemned, or such conduct too conspicuously exposed to public contempt. But against other persons, who will not scruple to resort to any measures to gain information for their own pecuniary profit, and to the exclusion of all who are first entitled to that profit, on a subject which they have clearly no right to be permitted to discover, any schemes are warrantable for the purpose of defeating their object.

Every man who acquires fair and honest information, has an undoubted right to turn it to his own advantage. A merchant learning from certain sources that a rise or fall in the market is likely to take place, buys or sells any commodity in which he deals: so has any one who bets a right to avail himself of the knowledge of a horse's powers, an equal right to back him or to lay against him; but the owner of that horse is clearly justified in keeping that secret to himself, or submitting it only to his intimate friends.

In order, therefore, to defeat the ends of those who may be desirous of watching trials, one *ruse* is readily managed—for the horses to gallop on some distance beyond the place where the trial actually terminated, and, in so doing, to change places, when it is very easy to have the horse which won the trial last at the point where a spectator imagines it is finished. Another thing—the weights never ought to be suffered to transpire, which, by having saddles and saddle-cloths, the weight of which none of the boys or other persons about the establishment have any knowledge of, the secret cannot transpire through their agency.

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#### THE USE OF BANDAGES.

“Some praise at morning what they blame at night,  
But always think the last opinion right;  
A man by these is like his mistress used—  
This hour she's idolized, the next abused.”

The effects produced by the use of bandages depending so materially upon the manner in which they are applied, has led many trainers and grooms, who have not paid sufficient attention to the causes for which they have employed them, to condemn them as injurious on some occasions, and on others to acknowledge their utility.

In some cases, dry flannel bandages will be serviceable; in others, wet ones—either flannel or linen—with which one lotion may be used with good effect in some instances; another, on a future occasion, all dependent upon the nature of the complaint; because, although the use of some remedies may be clearly indicated as necessary by the state of a horse's legs, it does not follow that the causes are the same which call for those remedies. The good or ill effects of bandages will also depend most materially upon the manner of their being put on. Dry flannel bandages are to be employed when a horse comes into the stable from exercise or work, after his legs have been washed and his heels rubbed dry; in this case they are only suffered to remain on whilst his body is dressed, and should be put on quite loose; their effect will be to keep up due warmth in the extremities, and to absorb the moisture left by the ablution on the leg. In another way they are employed when the legs are perfectly dry and finished, to prevent their swelling—or, in more comprehensive stable lingo, filling—the principal cause of which is an imperfect circulation; that is, the arterial circulation is more energetic than the venous, the absorbent vessels also being in a languid state, consequently the ar-

terial blood is thrown out to the extremities more abundantly than the veins can return it, or the absorbents take up those superfluities which are intended for their service; thus the veins become suffused with blood often to a painful, and, in some instances, a dangerous degree, when cracked heels and such like nuisance become the outlet for those superfluities which the absorbents cannot dispose of. Cracked heels, however, may arise from other causes, although acted upon in a similar way; but as the subject is treated upon more fully in the chapter appropriated to the care and treatment of the legs and feet, it is only necessary to recur to those pages. Dry flannel bandages, when properly applied, produce their good effects in various ways. In the first place, by their warmth they stimulate the venous system to action; in the next, by the moderate pressure which they produce when perfectly adjusted, they slightly allay the arterial circulation. But here is the difficulty of, and art in, applying them; if irregular pressure be produced, they will have just the contrary effect, because they will act as a ligature to a vein, and prevent the return of blood—in a similar way to what a surgeon's bandage does with a man's arm when he is about to bleed him, or the pressure on the vein of a horse when he is undergoing a similar operation. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance that a bandage be firmly and regularly adjusted, in which case it will produce an admirable effect; but, on the other hand, if it be put on too tight—especially if it be unevenly rolled on—it will have a most inimical one. The best material for woollen bandages is the serge, which is made for the purpose; it has a selvage, which is much more elastic, at the same time more even than if sewn or hemmed, which must be the case if common flannel be used.

It is necessary to point out the circumstances which require the use of wet flannel bandages, and, indeed, which are much more frequently in demand in the hunting than in the racing stables. They are principally necessary when blows, or such like injuries, have caused soreness and inflammation, whereby an immoderate degree of heat is established in the leg, which having been well fomented in warm water, demands a bandage dipped in warm water, and just pressed out; it is applied for the purpose of cooling the part, by the process of evaporation which takes place. After an old horse has been working on very hard ground, and his legs indicate heat, soreness, and stiffness, from the effect of previous labor, flannel bandages dipped in hot water will generally afford great relief.

Linen bandages are employed for the purpose of applying cooling lotions, in which case the legs and the bandages should be thoroughly saturated with whatever application may be determined upon, and never suffered to become dry; cold water is, in most cases, as good a remedy as can be obtained, and, even when the refrigerating agents—such as nitre, ammonia, goulard, vinegar, and such like preparations—are used, if the legs and bandages have been thoroughly soaked with them, it will be immersed in cold water, in order to keep the part wet. It should be observed

that the power of all these compounds is greatly increased by the action of cool atmospheric air, consequently they operate much more effectually out of the stable than in it; therefore, when it is found necessary to obtain the utmost power of these compounds, the wet bandages should be put on when the horse goes to exercise. It is only necessary to try this experiment to be convinced of the great advantage which is produced. If the horse remains out any length of time, it may be requisite to renew the application of cold water; but the time that a bandage continues sufficiently moist will greatly depend upon the local heat and inflammation which exists in the limb.

The proper length for bandages is three yards; and, when prepared to be put on the legs, they should be very evenly rolled up, commencing with the end on which the tape is sown. in order to roll them up firm and even, they should be placed with the under part on the thigh, so that the resistance of the small-clothes will make them pretty tight. To put them on the horse's legs, the near fore-leg is to be the first object of attention. Taking a bandage in the right hand, holding the end in the left, the bandage is passed round the limb rather more than half way up, in which position it must be secured by the hand till the body of the bandage is passed over the end, when it must be exchanged into the left hand, passed round to the right again, and so on alternately, drawing it firm and even, but not tight. The two first folds should be nearly over each other, when the bandage is to be worked up towards the knee; it is then to be gradually carried downwards, at intervals of rather more than a quarter of an inch, kept firm round the pastern joint, and, after taking two turns, tied round the small pastern. Tie it there. Many people tie it round the middle of the leg, but in the stable it is better to be secured below the pastern; for this reason: if it be tied round the leg and the bandage should slip, either from the horse stamping or rubbing it, or if the leg should fill at all during the time the bandage is on, the tape forms a ligature and produces the evil already discussed; but if tied round the small pastern, that being the lowest part, no ill consequence can occur.

Such is the conformation of the legs of horses, and so great is the importance of preserving them sound, that it becomes a matter for the utmost attention to secure them as much as possible from injury, by adopting, on all occasions, the most rational measures that human ingenuity can devise. As many—in fact, most—horses will injure their legs at times when galloping, by striking the opposite foot against them, a protection has long since been employed in the form of boots, which, being subjected to many objections, have been condemned by numerous trainers, who, foolishly falling into another extreme, have worked their horses without any safeguard at all, and lameness has been the consequence. The great objections to the use of boots may be summed up in very explicit and convincing terms. In the first place, the manner of securing them on the legs is very defective. The buckle and strap, which must be drawn sufficiently tight to prevent their turning, will chafe



and inflame the part round which it passes; and if one strap be drawn tighter than is proper it acts as a ligature, and interferes with the circulation of the blood. It should always be remembered, that whatever cause produces inflammation, weakness of the part is an attendant; and when weakness of the legs is discovered, lameness or breaking down is always to be apprehended. However soft and well boots may be made in the first instance, they will become hard from the frequent exposure to wet and the accumulation of perspiration, which they are constantly subjected to; moreover, with all the care that can be bestowed, some dirt will work into the texture of the serge or other material with which they are lined.

Within the last few years bandages have been adopted for exercising horses in, and they are decidedly a very great improvement upon boots, as being void of many objections which the latter will ever be subject to. In the first place, they afford equal security from blows; they are readily freed from the accumulation of wet, perspiration, or dirt, with which they may be saturated, by being washed with soap and water; and when nicely put on, they afford some little support to the limb. Not that I am prepared to allow that their good effects on that point are quite so universal as some veterinary surgeons with whom I have conversed would ascribe, because any slight pressure or support which a bandage may afford to the sinews is lateral. Whereas the benefit, if it could be obtained, in order to avert the probability of a horse breaking down, should be longitudinal; and, for this reason, I have very little faith in the use of a bandage when a horse is running, if it be merely to reduce the chances of his breaking down; indeed, put on so tight as I have seen many, they tend to interfere with the action, and are decidedly mischievous. If it be required to prevent a horse from hitting his leg, it is all very proper; but it must be remembered that it must be of some considerable substance to afford that protection. In putting on bandages for exercise, they must be tied round the leg instead of the small pastern as recommended in the stable. The latter adjustment is inadmissible in this case, as it would not secure the appendage; neither is it required to be brought lower than the pastern joints, unless, when travelling, to secure the heels from dirt. On whatever part the horse hits, the bandage should have an extra fold or two, and an additional tape should be tied round the leg to prevent the bandage becoming loose whilst the horse is galloping—a circumstance upon which the only exception that I am aware of can be established against their use; but if they be properly and carefully put on, are of a sufficient width—not less than four or four and a half inches—and are secured with two or three pieces of tape, there is no cause to apprehend their slipping.

London Sporting Review for September, 1844.

## MY UNCLE'S ADVICE ON SPORTING MATTERS.

BY ACTÆON.

It is an axiom allowed by many of the first philosophers of all ages, that the attainment of happiness is the object of every pursuit which engrosses the talents and perseverance of each and every one of the human race, however mistaken they may be in the method prescribed, or however they may be misled by the beacon light which allures them on to the goal of their expected bliss.

That some men are born with a greater share of brains, or in other words, are more "natural wide awakes" than many of their fellow-creatures, no one would, I should suppose, wish to contradict; that such "downy coves" are better members of society, or even happier on their journey through life, is a matter of great doubt; the question is, whether the natural coldness of their temperament, and the calculating anxiety of their disposition, ever bent more on ultimate gain than immediate enjoyment, does not more than counterbalance any extraordinary quickness by which they may be gifted, in the achievements of any of their darling pursuits. I am not arguing in favor of ignorance or stupidity, but what I wish to impress upon my reader is, that the possessor of a knowledge of the world, gained by patience and experience is, in ninety-nine times out of an hundred, a better and a safer man, than the cold-hearted, and I may add, cold-blooded and wary economist, whose luck in steering clear of the numerous sand-banks and shoals so frequently met with at the commencement of the voyage of life, may be attributed not only to an inherent fear, and an excessive anxiety to escape danger, but also from his talents being more frequently employed in the offensive rather than the defensive mode of warfare through the world.

During the period of our lives there are two ages required for all of us—one to sow the seeds of our application, and another to reap the harvest of our experience. But alas! how frequently do we see men fritter away the early morning of their existence in frivolous and unmanly pursuits, before they acquire the power of duly estimating the relative value of such accomplishments as stamp the man of honor and the English gentleman, and such as would even disgrace the mere votary of the card room and the billiard table!

It is the choice of means, and not the end itself, which they propose, by which so many young men in the outset of life are deceived; and how often are the inheritors of riches, beauty, power, and numerous attractions of aristocratic life, effectually lulled into the fatal error, that mere wealth and power can purchase everything necessary to cut a figure in the world, without being aware that the ignorant and inelegant exhibitor of his own *fancied* accomplishments becomes but the secret laughing-stock of his dependent

companions, who like the vampire bats of the eastern world, lull with their caresses, while they suck up with unwearied energy the cash (or life blood) of their unsuspecting victims!

You, my dear —, to whom I am in affection addressing these rough and unpalatable but well-intended admonitions, are now setting out on your voyage of life, blessed by numerous advantages; but, as I have before hinted, unless the canvas of your vessel is properly set and trimmed, you will drive before the gale of uncertainty and ignorance, and be at last, like many others whom I could with sorrow mention, stranded on the shoals of heedless error and unprofitable dissipation. What I should above all things wish to see you is, a gentleman and a sportsman. With regard to the former I can have no doubt, if "birth, parentage, and education" are in any way influential and instrumental in the accomplishing of it, your pretensions to some day appearing not only in the character of a general sportsman, but as a most accomplished huntsman, are not of a very faint colouring. Your sire, grandsire, and great grandsire (and, for aught I know, his before him), were all first-rate sportsmen, hunting their own hounds for years, and living in the good and substantial style of the Old English country gentleman; but still the best bred hounds, when mixed amongst compeers of vicious inclination, will run riot, and unless well worked down in the strong and holding woodlands of good example they will, without doubt, hunt that game the scent of which is the sweetest, and the blood of which is easiest to be obtained. That you can expect to pass from youth to even manhood, to say nothing of maturer age, without experiencing many mortifications and disappointments, is absurd; it is the natural lot of all men, who, without such seasonable admonitions, would be in every way ignorant of their proper position in society. For in the same manner as physical evil is not unfrequently the prevailing cause of bodily benefit, so are the difficulties and disappointments we meet with in *early* life the best correctives of that presumption and pride which is generally the besetting sin of the more energetic and enterprising of all aspirants to character and renown; for in misfortune only do we give ourselves time to reflect and form a just estimate of ourselves, or calculate with truth the value of those friendships which every one imagines himself not only worthy of deserving, but also certain of retaining through the rest of his life. He who would be convinced of the truth of those friendships, therefore, must be content to try them through the medium of his misfortunes; for as the bee extracts honey even from flowers of a poisonous quality, so from adversity may man reap the best benefit of life—experience.

But to try back to what I was a short time ago observing, that the glaring deficiencies in the accomplishments of most men, as regards the more manly and useful amusements and occupations of life, are owing in the first place to a want of application and experience, in the next place to the false light in which happiness and pleasure are contemplated, and (as man is a gregarious and imitative animal), to his tendency in the outset of life, to be induced to herd with the

fashionable rabble or "swell mob," as they may be justly termed, in their pursuits, having at the same time no natural taste or genius for such insipid recreation, which maturer reflection in after life must lead them to pronounce effeminate and worthless. The four beatitudes are science, courage, health, and virtue. The three former indispensable requisites in the composition of a sportsman, if he intends to set his foot firmly upon the topmost step of the ladder of his ambition. But are these to be gained by listlessly lounging for hours together from Bond to Regent-street and back, day after day, and week after week, or languidly criticizing from the crowded window of the monotonous clubhouse the dress or equipage of the less fashionable sojourner in the metropolis? Is health to be gained by the thrice-filled glass, or the morning song at Evan's or the Coal-hole, or science to be gleaned from the contemplation of the abstracted knocker? Far better would it be, if this brilliant season of the year were spent in cheering the hardy otter hound along the banks of the classic Avon, or manœuvring the spotted trout in the mountain streams of the distant Inverness. Pythagoras esteemed those men the happiest who studied nature the most. They are certainly the true philosophers, and their office is to read the world and to contemplate. But the meretricious pleasures of the metropolis invariably end in sorrow and disappointment, their pains are many, and their enjoyments are few; such as they are, are chiefly derived from eating, drinking, dressing, and other similar sensualities; from balls, operas, and routs, from gaming and other illegal private amusements, the harvest of all which is loss of relish, laborious idleness, disease, want, bodily pain, and mental disquietude, a manhood of imbecility, and an age of premature decay. As a popular writer remarks, "never has an oak been seen to flourish in a hot-bed." I recollect, many years ago, reading a story about Hercules having an argument with Pleasure and Virtue upon the means of obtaining happiness. The latter told him amongst other things, that if he wished to enjoy the pleasures of sense, he must be temperate; if he would sleep sound, he must inure himself to toil, or in other words he must, during times of peace, enjoy the sports of the field and live as much as possible in the open air; and that if he wished to enjoy old age, he must never lose one single opportunity of improving himself in his calling, whatever it might be; that if he desired to be renowned, he must be great, or in other words, associate with the most celebrated men of his day, and try to emulate and surpass them; added to which if he wished to be happy, he must be good. The life of a young man who lives under the perpetual control of immediate impulse, and who gratifies each sensual appetite as it rises before him in his path, is rendered irksome in the extreme, by his continual abuse of it. The disappointments which he suffers are rather by himself attributed to others, than the fruits of his own sowing, and an existence thus ridiculously frittered away is not uncommonly terminated in imbecility of mind or total aberration of intellect.

It must be confessed by all, that one of the greatest arts, if not the principal one, in raising oneself above the common herd of man-



kind in any of our undertakings, is to know the extent of our genius, what objects are most suitable to it, in what track its propensities should be conducted, and at what point to place the limits, beyond which it is dangerous for the adventurer, however sanguine, to pass. Amongst the numerous accomplishments acknowledged by gentlemen of robust frames and manly habits may be enumerated, first (of course), hunting, and consequently horsemanship; game shooting; fishing, in all its branches, both by rod and net; racing (but that is a dangerous ground to tread on as men *seldom* in these days of speculation and investment run their horses for mere honor and amusement); coursing, which more properly might be considered as an offshoot from the chase; steeple chasing; hawking, now become obsolete; driving, yachting, and boating; to which may be added, cricket, tennis, and racket, as eminently conducive to manliness and good health: and although I should prefer, during the intense frost of winter, patronizing that engine of destruction, the gun,

“Glanc’d just, and sudden, from the fowler’s eye,”

as long as one jack-snipe or solitary fieldfare could be found in my walk, to the endangering of my limbs and head by repeated falls, to say nothing of requiring occasional assistance from the employers of the “Humane Society,” still I must add skating, for the sake of one who was so eminent a proficient in this graceful accomplishment, since he was also one of the most skilful and experienced huntsmen that ever cheered. Amongst the minor accomplishments which may occasionally serve to break the tedium of wet days and long winter evenings may be enumerated, billiards, at which few men will arrive at any degree of proficiency, without, at times, playing on public tables, and consequently mixing with characters the most questionable; for here, as at the hazard table, all those who are partaking of the amusement are reduced to one level in more senses, I fear, than one.

Now, if you are to rank in society as an intelligent and agreeable man, you should have a sufficient knowledge of all the above enumerated accomplishments to allow you to play your part in the world, when called upon to do so, without evincing a clownish awkwardness or an affected ignorance of amusements so foreign to your own selfish taste; for believe me, we have no more right to expect to enjoy the *agremens* of society, without cheerfully lending our assistance to the promotion of its various amusements, than we have to live as members of a government, when we neither assist to support it by our labors, nor to contribute to its revenues by a regular payment of its dues and taxes.

Some men are pronounced by their associates as “such devilish clever fellows, they do *everything* so well;” in fact, coming up to Lord Byron’s standard of perfection, “Don Juan,” they ride, shoot, drive, dance, &c., with a perfect ease and natural grace. But, believe me, I have never myself been lucky enough to meet with one of these extraordinary characters, but have placed the species in the same catalogue as the Phoenix and the Mermaid. Still there

is a great excuse for men of fanciful and imaginative minds for believing that such characters may exist, for it is the extreme good temper, vivacity, and readiness to render others cheerful and happy, which increases the degree of perfection in the accomplishments of these heroes into the superlative; and while they are amusing themselves as well as others in this continued round of frivolities, they laugh in their sleeves at the gullability of their less sensible associates. The author of the "Man of Feeling" has justly observed, that "there is one ingredient necessary in a man's composition towards happiness, which people would do well to acquire, a certain respect for the follies of mankind: for there are so many fools whom the opinion of the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of which they are unworthy, that he who cannot restrain his contempt or indignation at the sight, will be too often quarrelling at the disposal of things, to relish that share which is allotted to himself." And Shenston in his essay on men and manners says, "To form an estimate of the proportion which one man's happiness bears to another's, we are to consider the mind that is allotted him with as much attention as the circumstances. It were superfluous to evince that the same objects which one despises, are frequently to another the source of admiration. The man of business and the man of pleasure are to each other mutually contemptible; and a blue garter has less charms for some, than they can discover in a butterfly. The more candid and sage observer condemns neither for his pursuits, but for the derision which he so profusely lavishes upon the disposition of his neighbor." He concludes that "themes infinitely various were at first intended for our pursuit and pleasure; and that some find their account in heading a cry of hounds, as much as others in the dignity of lord chief justice."

If there is one period of a man's existence in which he may, without hesitation or fear of contradiction, declare that he is more buoyantly alive to happiness than at any other, it is when having emerged from the chrysalis state of his boyhood, he tries his new grown wings, as he culls the sweets in the classic groves of Alma Mater; or when, having migrated from what has been so justly termed the "bear-garden of the pedagogue," he opens his eyes, on the first morning after his arrival at his college, to all the hopes and fancies of a new and independent existence. The horses which he overtook as they were returning from their exercise on "Port-meadow," the tandem party which he met on their way to Woodstock or Chapel-house, and the long yarns spun him as he sat on the box of the Tantivy, by that prince of dragsmen, Harry Salbury, or the Marquis, as he was generally called, of the long runs with the Heythrop and Jem Hill, have by no means diminished his growing appetite for an active and pleasurable life, nor checked the noble ardour inherent in him, which is ever prompting him to emulate and even surpass in science all his contemporaries, with whom he may compete, in the chace, the road, or any other of the manly and aristocratic amusements of his day. I have been speaking, as my readers will at once perceive, of those times, before

the innovation of railways threatened to deprive us lovers of the country of many of our darling amusements, and amongst others, not the least beloved, the road and all its concomitant pleasures and delights. As we advance in years, and after the crow's invidious foot has left its indelible stamp upon our care-worn brow, we find it difficult to bring ourselves to speak impartially of the joys of that period which seems, now that it has passed away, the happiest of our existence, too apt, perhaps, to form our ideas of happiness from those first impressions, when our liberty was fresh to us, and the morning of our manhood was unalloyed by the bitterness of satiety or disappointment.

The habits of the present age at the two universities, although essentially the same as they have been for the last century, may vary only in the way in which the votaries of luxury and pleasure choose to employ the means to attain their desideratum. It is the fashion to say that the taste of the present age is far more chaste and refined; that the increased riches of the country have given rise to new ideas and new enjoyment, and that there is an air of polishing and elegance to be seen in every department, which was not to be perceived in the days of our forefathers. It may be so; but I leave it for others, better qualified than myself, to determine, whether there is more refined taste displayed in dressing for dinner, and appearing in "hall" in the appropriate and acknowledged costume of a gentleman, or the hurried and half finished toilet of the horseman assumable by the mercurial of any grade, who may feel exquisite delight, in exacting from the highly taxed powers of an unfortunate hack, while they are pounding along through the birdlime mud of an Oxford turnpike road; or whether it be indicative of a more elevated and refined taste, to prefer riding the crippled, roaring, and infirm hacks of the insolvent liverymen of Oxford, to keeping a couple or even one good horse of your own? Whether it arises from a decrease in the "circulating medium," I know not, but it is a well known fact, that although the number of hunting men are yearly on the increase at both our universities, still the number of even *small* studs is nothing like what it was eighteen or even fourteen years ago. Few gownsmen now keep horses at either Bicester or Woodstock, for the purpose of hunting as they formerly did, when they turned out like men and sportsmen; but as I before remarked, the present generation trust almost entirely to the wretched stables of the Oxford hackney-men. If we take Oxfordshire as a hunting locality, independent of such advantages as accrue to the university from its reasonable contiguity to the places of meeting of two of the best packs of foxhounds in England, we must pronounce that it not only at the present time does stand, but that it has stood for many years exceedingly high in the estimation of sportsmen. There were, in my day, two *first-rate* packs within reachable distance; viz., the late duke of Beaufort's and Sir Thomas Mostyn's. The former, or the Blue Duke, as his grace was called (to distinguish the costume of his hunt from that of the duke of Grafton's, which was green, and which could also be reached occasionally at Whistley-wood near



Brackley), possessed, in my humble opinion, one of the best (there being three competitors on the list\*) packs of foxhounds in England; they were at the time I speak of hunted by old Phylip Paine, Will Long and Will Todd acting as first and second whippers-in. Phylip Paine was considered the best judge of breeding hounds of his day, an excellent kennel huntsman, and till he got so stiff and feeble from old age, that he could hardly get up and down from his old grey horse, showed first-rate sport in the field; but the mistaken indulgence of a kind hearted and liberal master allowed old Phylip to remain in the saddle several years longer than he should have done, allured, as the old man no doubt was, by the high price which the Beaufort draft fetched in those days from various masters of hounds ever on the look out for them. Nothing like the old Justice blood, which has descended into half the packs of succeeding ages. Next came Sir Thomas Mostyn's, which hunted the country now occupied by Mr Drake; and long may he live to give that general satisfaction which he has done for so many seasons, and to show that brilliant sport which a perfect gentleman, a first-rate pack of hounds, and a most indefatigable and obliging huntsman ever deserve. Sir Thomas Mostyn's pack was hunted by the renowned Tom Wingfield; he had lost one of his optics in the chace, but was allowed to be able to see as far and as keenly with the remaining one as most men do with two; he likewise was a first-rate chace huntsman, with a fine huntsmanlike voice, and good dog language, but, at the time I am speaking of, getting slow from increased weight and the decline of life; he was waited on by Ben Foote, a capital hand, and young Tom Wingfield, his son, who at the time of his giving up, received his father's horn and situation, the latter of which he has ever since filled with the greatest credit. Then there were the two Oldakers, Bob and Harry, who between them hunted the Olb Berkeley (at the time Mr. Hervey Coombs'), and which hunted part of Oxfordshire and Berksnire, for a short time, which had been given up by Mr. Codrington; these two men were first-rate hands, each taking his turn in chace, as occasion required, with a scientific dexterity seldom evinced by modern huntsmen. Besides all these foxhounds, there were a very merry pack of harriers, kept by the great brewer, Mark Morrel, weighing upwards of 20 stone; these were not entirely kennelled, several always being left behind in Oxford, on their return from hunting, to forage for themselves; or, in other words, were kept on board wages. They were the real old-fashioned harrier, and amongst them were many of the old blue mottled sort; these were good close workers, showing capital sport at times, and killing many hares. In passing through Oxford a short time ago, I by chance met what were called Mr. Morrel's harriers, on their return from hunting, and was sorry to see that the old sort had been changed, according to the modern method, where

\* The only three who might be said to be worthy to contend for this golden apple, were the Duke of Rutland's, the Duke of Beaufort's, and Mr. Osbaldeston's.



change is too often considered as an improvement, for a lot of draft foxhounds, the ears of which not being rounded gave them a very unsightly appearance, as they looked neither like harriers nor foxhounds. If you are a thistlewhipper, let the work be done by all means by harriers; But don't affect the flying pack, which, although they can blow a hare up in a short time, can never be brought to hunt in the patient style of a harrier; therefore, after all, it is not hare hunting, but coursing hares with draft foxhounds.

Notwithstanding the advantages arising from all these celebrated fox-hounds and harriers, which could with ease be reached nearly every day in the week, within a most reasonable distance of the city of Oxford, there has hardly ever been, I should suppose, a period at which there has not been kept in the immediate vicinity of the University a pack, or rather a cry of hounds, supported exclusively for the amusement of that portion of the gownsmen who might be either emulous enough to try their hands at hunting the pack, or whipping-in "*in propria persona*," or for such as being obliged either by necessity or taste to devote the early part of the day to the attendance of lectures; after which, about the hour of two o'clock they sallied forth on hacks, and enjoyed the divertisement of drag-hunting, or occasionally perpetrated the unsportsmanlike offence of turning out a bagman, or attempted a two-mile scramble after an unfortunate doe, purchased from the keeper of Blenheim-park. These hounds, which from necessity changed managers repeatedly, were at one time under the directorship of some sporting Wyckhamists, who, like all Winchester men, are fond of using in common parlance scriptural phrases, and giving scriptural names to all things animate and inanimate; according then to their accustomed style of nomenclature, this pack was known as the "Raymoth Gilead." They were in reality the property of a sporting wheelwright, of the name of Butler; their kennel, such as it was, was at the village of Gasinton, and generally speaking, were supported partly by subscription, by occasional capping in the field, and even by being let out for the day to such of these juvenile sportsmen who had pluck enough to hunt and whip-in to them. If I had pronounced them a level lot, I should have done great injustice to Mr. Butler's considerate exertions in trying to gratify the varied taste of his numerous attendants, by collecting a body of hounds of every size, shape, colour, and breed known to exist in England. In fact, the "Raymoth Gilead" might be considered as a kennel of models for the juvenile sportsmen of the University to study, and from a close attention to the work of each individual hound, most of them being fond of exhibiting their olfactory powers by themselves, the embryo huntsman could form his own judgment, and make up his mind what sort of hound he should be induced hereafter, when he became himself a master of hounds, to breed; for here were congregated the great plodding, big-headed Nestor of twenty-six inches from John Warde's kennel, the mute, flying, and skirting Symmetry from the late Sir Thomas Mostyn's, the Black, and shapeless Roguish from Sir John Cope's, the Psalmsinging harrier from Mr. Fane's pack of Wormesley, the

Southern hound from Kent, the Otter hound from Wales, and from the late Duke of Beaufort's came that once excellent, but then worn out Dorimont, who, if he could not teach the rest to join him, hunted the line as he ought to do, and by the excellence of his work, made the scramble of this heterogenous mass appear to the pursuers something very like a run, as long as it lasted. At the period I am speaking of, that most detestable of all recreation, steeple-chasing, and one which has within the last ten years made such rapid strides towards, I hope, its exit from the list of sports, was scarcely ever heard of either in Oxford or any other of the hunting districts, but only occasionally hinted at as affording amusement to the reckless horsemen of the Emerald Isle. Much, however, as the writer of these pages has been led by experience to condemn so cocktail a pursuit, he was one of the first, whose consciousness of superiority as a horseman at so early a period, led him to exhibit himself in a match against another gowmsman of about his own standing in the University. His competitor was Mr. Leader, of Christ Church, the elder brother of the present member for Westminster; the match, which was only for 20 guineas, was for which ever could make his way the quickest from the Diamond-house on the Banbury-road, to Mr. Annesley's gate at Bletchington-park, a distance of about five miles, over a most severe and rasping country, with the river Cherwell running through the midst thereof. Unfortunately, between the day of making the match and the time of its coming off, the rains had so caused the river to overflow its banks, that the adjoining meadows were like a sea! the possibility of crossing the Cherwell excepting at Gozzard-bridge, entirely out of the question, unless it were to a man who might have more courage than discretion; for if, in such an attempt, the rider might be enabled to land his horse safe upon the opposite bank, the fatigue of struggling with the current would effectually annihilate his powers of exertion for the remainder of the race. Nothing daunted by the overwhelming torrent which was opposed to his course, Leader without hesitation made an effort to swim his horse; the animal, however, contrived to rid himself of his jockey, and returning to the bank which he had left, kindly waited with his head over a gate, until his rider gallantly swam back, booted and spurred, from an island in the midst of the stream, where he had providentially landed. The chase was resumed, and by jumping into the road at Gozzard-bridge, and from the road into the meadow on the opposite side, the conditions of the race were to the very letter easily complied with, which was not to traverse any road for more than one hundred yards at one time, and after a most severe race, the above-named gate was reached first by the author of these pages.

New Sporting Magazine, for September,

## ENGLISH TURF STATISTICS.

TABLE I.

Showing the Amount run for in Great Britain in the undermentioned years. The Winner's Stake is included in all the Sweepstakes, and in the Matches run. The public money comprises the Royal and other Plates, and the money added to Sweepstakes. To this head properly belong the contributions by gentlemen who are not proprietors of race-horses, in the shape of subscriptions to stakes in the counties to which they are connected, and to the great handicaps, but in the following Tables these could not conveniently be separated from stakes in general. The amount of such contributions may be estimated at not less than £4000 per annum, on an average of the last three years.

Years.	Stakes. £	Matches.		Public Money. £	Total: £
		Run. £	Forfeits. £		
1762	22,500	26,160	1320	11,460	61,440
1767	19,030	28,130	3000	13,330	63,490
1772	33,310	103,030	9580	14,730	160,650
1777	59,290	53,520	6780	16,800	136,390
1782	45,200	43,160	7680	14,060	109,100
1787	35,940	39,410	4160	14,910	94,420
1592	29,010	40,580	4830	14,250	118,670
1797	27,550	18,260	3380	13,920	63,110
1802	25,590	30,040	1410	14,740	71,780
1807	45,090	48,470	5580	16,810	115,950
1812	81,110	35,260	5270	19,330	140,960
1817	77,840	19,140	1980	16,710	115,670
1822	83,920	20,100	2270	20,760	127,050
1827	107,490	20,900	4000	26,180	158,570
1832	118,500	25,850	2830	29,860	177,040
1837	113,870	15,000	2220	38,110	169,200
1842	125,520	20,350	2440	34,600	182,910
1843	137,870	23,240	3820	34,060	198,990

TABLE II.

Showing the number of Places of Sport, and the number of Races of different kinds which have been run in the undermentioned years.

Years.	Places of Sport.	Sweepst's.	Plates.	Matches.		Total No. of Races.
				Run.	Forfeits.	
1762	76	38	205	49	7	261
1767	91	47	250	59	21	377
1772	100	81	280	170	63	494
1777	97	141	299	145	63	648
1782	88	107	263	148	62	580
1787	87	111	260	175	56	602
1792	81	146	257	179	59	641
1797	76	148	248	111	36	543
1802	83	157	259	93	28	537
1807	85	263	269	182	68	782
1812	97	347	294	136	57	834
1817	88	359	253	78	31	721
1822	106	482	286	105	28	883
1827	126	676	272	86	46	1079
1832	117	723	269	144	46	1182
1837	138	757	269	87	28	1141
1842	141	832	210	73	31	1146
1843	136	897	191	86	44	1218

TABLE III.

Showing the number of Horses of different ages that have run in the under-mentioned years.

Years.	Two Years.	Three Years.	Four Years.	Five and Upwards.	Total.
1797 .....	48	161	122	262	593
1802 .....	31	117	108	280	536
1807 .....	33	230	148	280	691
1812 .....	55	324	188	254	821
1817 .....	78	309	174	239	800
1822 .....	112	285	194	387	988
1827 .....	142	361	210	453	1166
1832 .....	200	395	237	407	1239
1837 .....	215	326	210	462	1213
1843 .....	213	384	236	456	1289

## THE GREAT FOOT RACE.

Defeat of Stannard and the Foreign Pedestrians by a New Yorker.

\* Over  $10\frac{1}{2}$  Miles within the Hour.

### NINE CHEERS FOR GILDERSLEEVE!

On Wednesday, 16<sup>th</sup> ult., an immense throng of spectators assembled on the Beacon Course, opposite this city, to witness the Pedestrian Match for \$1,000. No sporting event of the kind within our knowledge has excited more general interest, and the keenest anxiety was felt as to the result on all hands. The race was advertised in England, Canada, and throughout the United States, and the fact that three crack pedestrians came across the Atlantic expressly to run for the prizes, greatly contributed to the excitement. Stannard, Gilder, Steeprock, the Indian (*alias* John Ross,) Carles, and McCabe—each more or less renowned for speed and stamina, in their immediate circles—had each a strong party to back them. Consequently we were not surprised to see on the Course a concourse of from 25,000 to 35,000 spectators.

The original entries for the purse were

John Barlow, England  
John Greenhalgh, "  
Ambrose Jackson "  
Henry Stannard, Connecticut  
John Gilder, New York City  
Wm. Boulton "  
John Smith "  
Samuel Clemens "  
John S. Van Wert "  
James Byrne "  
Ralph Myers, Albany  
Thomas Ryan, Irishman  
Thomas Hawler, Philadelphia  
Geo. Wood, Third Avenue  
Wm. Wood, New York  
Edward Brown "  
Wm. Carles, Yorkville, N. Y.  
Garet Beck, Ulster Co., N. Y.

Jonathan W. Plats, N. Y.  
David Myers, Poughkeepsie  
L. S. Lathrop, Vermont  
Joseph L. P. Smith, N. Y.  
C. Cutling, North Brunswick, N. J.  
W. Price Birmingham, England  
P. Hutchinson, Scotchman, Brooklyn  
G. Berger  
John Lightfoot  
John Navils, Irishman  
John Meech, Connecticut  
J. P. Taylor "  
John Ross, Indian, Buffalo  
Thomas McCabe, Ireland  
George Jones, Chester, Pa.  
David Peabody, Boston  
Lewis Brown, Maryland  
Wm. Fowle, Englishman  
Charles Wall, American.



The betting was unusually heavy on the three Englishmen—Barlow, Greenhalgh, and Jackson—against the field; 100 to 75 was offered on Gilder vs. Stannard—100 to 75 that Stannard did not do 10 miles within the hour—Even, that two did it—Even on Stannard and the Indian vs. Gilder. The above was the current odds among the heavy betting men, and thousands of dollars were laid out at these prices. Of course there were cliques and parties who bet “every which way;” we only pretend to give the “state of the odds” among those who control the general betting, after having “got the points” and “set their own bets.”

The race was advertised to commence at 3 o'clock, but after the stands were crammed full—and they will contain some 10,000 persons—a dense multitude of Oliver Twist's broke through two or three lengths of the palings and filled up not only the open space in front of the stands, but encircled the entire course! Nearly 10,000 of these specimens of the tag-rag and bob-tail denizens of New York got admission to the course in this way, and more than an hour passed before the track could be cleared. These people were perfectly good humoured, however, and merely wanted a chance to see the race. Before the entries were called to start Mr. BROWNING, the proprietor of the course, announced to them, as he did to the public, from the Judges' Stand, that in case of any pedestrian's being interfered with during the race, he should have an opportunity of running the race over in private with his successful competitors, before the purses were awarded. The Judges then begged the crowd in front of the stand—and it extended nearly a quarter of a mile, while the men and boys were not less than fifty deep—to give the pedestrians every facility, by falling back. These appeals to their good feeling coupled with the exertions of a dozen gentlemen on horseback, at length succeeded, and we are happy to state that no accident occurred during the performance of the match, which went off most brilliantly, giving the utmost satisfaction to all parties.

The ringing of a large bell put up in the Judges' stand was the signal for the entries to come to the post, when the following regulations, previously agreed upon, were again announced to them:—

“The bell will be struck *once* at the first three minutes after the start, when the pedestrians should be at the first half mile, and struck again *three* times at six minutes, and so on until the hour is up, so that each person that wishes to go a mile every six minutes may know that at the tap of the bell once they should be at the half mile, and opposite the Judges' stand at the tap three times. Each person will be required to wear a number on his breast and the same number on his shoulder, so that the Judges will be enabled plainly to see and distinguish each as they pass the stand.”

Having previously drawn for positions, seventeen entries of the original thirty-seven, came to the post to start in the order annexed:—

No. 1 John Gildersleeve	14 Henry Stannard
2 John Barlow	16 Thomas Ryan
3 Thos. Greenhalgh	18 George Wood
4 Ambrose Jackson	21 William Carles
6 George Jones	23 L. S. Lathrop
7 Thomas McCabe	24 Joseph L. P. Smith
9 John Navils	27 P. Hutchinson
10 J. P. Taylor	30 Wm. Fowle
11 John Steeprock, Indian	

GILDERSLEEVE is a chair-gilder by trade, and resides at 159 Allan street, in this city; he is the son of a Suffolk County (Long Island) farmer. He is very handsomely formed, with well developed muscles, and runs with his chest thrown out and his head back; he has a very easy style of going. He stands 5 feet 5 inches, is 32 years of age, and his running weight is 130lbs. He lately made a most extraordinary private trial by moonlight on the Union Course. He was dressed to-day in a blue silk shirt and cap, with flesh colored silk drawers. He was trained and admirably managed by Mr. Smith, of this city, who held a timing watch in his hand and ran with him a quarter in each mile.

GREENHALGH, just from England, is 24 years old, 5 feet 6 inches high, and

weighs, in running condition, 128lbs. His action was deemed the finest of any of the pedestrians who started. Our contemporaries call him *John Greenhalgh*, but his christian name is *Thomas*. He has a brother John who was sent for, but having engagements at home Thomas was sent out to this country in his place. He was quite naked with the exception of a pair of linen drawers from which the legs and waist were cut off! He wore "high lows," or "ankle jacks" as they are termed in England, being nothing more or less than a pair of high pumps laced up to the instep from near the point of the toe.

BARLOW, the fellow passenger of Greenhalgh, is 5 feet 6½ inches in height, 140lbs in weight, and 24 years of age. He was dressed precisely like Greenhalgh, as was Jackson, also. All three Englishmen ran with their hands clinched and elevated, and with their elbows close into their sides. Barlow is a pedestrian by profession, as is Jackson, who has been in this country, where he has run short races, for above two years. Greenhalgh never run before, we understand; his brother John is a professed pedestrian and favorably known as such.

STEEPROCK or "*John Ross*," (as we entered him, not knowing his name,) was one of the tallest and heaviest men who started. He runs on a lope and as if he was going through under-brush, frequently bouncing sideways as if jumping a fallen tree. He is 25 years of age, and weighs, we should think, 150 pounds at least. We have forgotten the name of his tribe, but it is one of those located near Buffalo, in this State.

MCCABE, the Irishman, was trained at West Hoboken, with FOWLE. He is below the medium height, and rather thick set; his age is not far from 24 years. His action and "pluck" are worthy of "Ould Ireland."

STANNARD, so well known to the Sporting World, as the first man in the United States who ran ten miles within the hour [in 1835, on the Union Course, L. I.] is now 33 years old; his weight is about what it was then, 165 pounds. He keeps a hotel at Killingworth, Connecticut.

TAYLOR is 5 feet 8 inches high, weighs 150 pounds, and is 28 years of age. He had neither the advantages of training, nor management during the race. [Had he been aware of the precise time he could have easily completed his 10 miles within the hour; he lost by two seconds only!]

As the other ten did not particularly distinguish themselves, owing more to want of training, perhaps, than anything else, we have not deemed it necessary to notice them in detail.

### THE RACE.

First Mile: Gildersleeve bounded off with the lead, with Barlow, Greenhalgh, and Jackson well up to him, Steeprook the Indian 4th, and Stannard in the ruck behind. The immense crowd which lined each side of the track prevented the Judges from seeing distinctly each change of position, though all were immediately aware that the Englishmen's speed had made a spread-eagle of the field. It was evident that their pace was too good to last, and their backers began to be alarmed lest they should overmark themselves. Before reaching the head of the quarter stretch Steeprook made a tremendous burst, and came in front: he led through with Barlow 2d, Greenhalgh 3d, and Fowle 4th, having changed places with Jackson, who laid back just behind Stannard, Gildersleeve and McCabe. Lathrop, Navils, and Smith were already tailed off a long way, while Hutchinson and Wood were nearly out of their distance. Time of the 1st mile 5:16.

Second Mile: Steeprook's trainer having ordered him to fall back, he gave up the track to Barlow and Greenhalgh, who ran within a yard of each other throughout the entire ten miles! They led through this mile, Steeprook being 3d, and McCabe, 30 yards behind, 4th, the latter having, with Gildersleeve, injudiciously forced the pace. Wood gave in soon after commencing this mile, and Hutchinson also stopped at the close, having a pain in his side. Time of the second mile 5:29.

Third mile: Barlow again led in with Greenhalgh within three feet, and Steeprook only 20 yards behind; McCabe was about the same distance in his rear; Gildersleeve, Jones (who overmarked himself in changing his position from 15th to 6th, and stopt after running another mile) Fowle, Jackson, and

Stannard, came next in a cluster, some 50 yards ahead of Ryan, who led Carles some distance; Lathrop and Smith were tailed off a long way, and Navil's chance was considered out. Time of the 3d mile 5:33.

Fourth mile: Barlow led through again, with Greenhalgh sticking to him like a brick. Steeprock was only about 35 yds. in the rear, but he came on jumping and cavorting "like he hadn't run a yard;" the poor fellow cannot speak a word of English, but he looked confident, and as fresh as paint. Gildersleeve and McCabe came through within reach of each other, Jones and Fowle being well up. Stannard and Taylor came next, and as all these named were inside of their time—10 miles in the hour—the backers of Time looked somewhat grave. Time of the 4th mile 5:41.

Fifth Mile: Barlow and Greenhalgh came in 1st and 2d, nearly 150 yds. ahead, having very imprudently made play to shake off the field. Steeprock, Gildersleeve, and McCabe came next; 20 yds. behind the latter came Fowle and Stannard, while Jones gave in. Taylor and Jackson were evidently waiting on Stannard. The others—Ryan, Carles, Lathrop, and Smith—were already beaten off a long way, and Navils had hardly got into the quarter stretch. Time of the 5th mile 5:39.

Sixth Mile: Barlow and Greenhalgh led in 1st and 2d, and nearly 250 yds. ahead; Gildersleeve's game now began to tell; he came through 3d, as Steeprock's trainer insisted on his moderating his pace. All were cheered as they came through, and the backers of the Americans vs. the Englishmen thought they now had "a good look for the money." "Hurrah for Gilder!" exclaimed his little wife, waving her handkerchief from a carriage full of ladies, while the immense concourse sent back the cheer with ten thousand added echoes! McCabe, the Irishman—and a right gallant fellow—came next, and as he, too, was inside of his time, every Patlander on the ground gave him a hearty shout. Fowle and Stannard came through together, pretty well up to McCabe, while Taylor and Jackson were but a few yards behind him. The others were tailed off a long way, while fears were expressed lest the leading men should catch up with Navils. Time of the 6th mile 5:49.

Seventh Mile: Barlow and Greenhalgh, close together as ever, came through 1st and 2d, about 150 yds. ahead of Gildersleeve. "Go it, my Gilder!" from one side, was answered by "Hurrah for the Englishmen!" from the other. About 75 yds. behind Gildersleeve—who looked as fine as a star—came Steeprock, bounding like a buck every two or three rods to the infinite amusement of the thousands of boys on the course, with whom he was a prodigious favorite. "Look at him now!"—"There he goes again!"—"Go it, my wild *Ingine!*" they were shouting whenever he came into the quarter stretch. McCabe came next, with Fowle, Stannard, Taylor, and Jackson, in a ruck behind him, but all within their time. J. P. L. Smith stopt in this mile, as Lathrop, Ryan, and Navils should have done, for neither, under the circumstances, had the ghost of a chance. Time of the 7th mile 5:54.

Eighth Mile: Barlow came in 1st, and Greenhalgh 2d again, with Gildersleeve well up, and going like a trump. Steeprock's trainer kept him at a more moderate pace, thinking the field would come back to him. Fowle and Stannard rallied a little in the course of the mile, and when they came through, one of the official timers remarked to us they were 15 seconds inside of their time. Taylor and Jackson came next, but with a fair chance of yet making 10 miles in the hour. Ryan was already tailed off some distance, and 200 yds. behind him came Lathrop, while Navils was nearly a mile behind, and appeared to be doing no better very fast. Time of the 8th mile 5:58.

Ninth Mile: Barlow came in 1st and Greenhalgh 2d, again, amidst tremendous cheers, which were increased, if possible, by Gilder's coming in 3d, and well up. The three had passed several who had not yet completed their eighth mile! Steeprock was 4th, with McCabe but a short distance behind him. Stannard and Fowle, still inside of their time were 6th and 7th, while Taylor was only a few seconds behind it. Carles, Lathrop and Navils had not finished their 8th mile when the 9th mile was run by the others, and accordingly gave in. Time of the 9th mile 5:57.

Tenth mile: Greenhalgh for the first time led in this mile, having passed Barlow within three or four yards of the Judge's stand. They were cheered with the utmost enthusiasm on coming through, as was Gildersleeve also, who



ran past the stand not more than forty yards behind, like a scared dog ; indeed the pace throughout the mile was tremendous ? Steeprock came next, leading McCabe, and close to him was Stannard, with Taylor within two yards of him. The bell announced the completion of the hour just as Stannard passed the judge's stand for the 10th time ; he was two seconds within his time, while Taylor was not quite two seconds behind time. Of the seven who started on the 10th mile, he was the only one who failed to accomplish it, Stannard having done so "by the skin of his teeth !" The excitement near the close of the 10th mile, was raised to highest pitch. Every one seemed to shout with the phrenzy of Bedlamites, whether they had lost or won. We do not remember to have ever witnessed a scene in which the spectators generally were filled with such a delirious enthusiasm. Time of the 10th mile 5:45½.

Eleventh Mile : By great exertions a gauntlet was made below the stands through which the men could run on, beyond the 10th mile, the crowd not being aware, seemingly, that the race was yet unconcluded. Gildersleeve being informed by his trainer, who managed him capitally, that he had won all his bets—for he merely backed himself to do the 10 miles within the hour, and on this point had put up "every picavune he could raise or scrape"—said in answer to a question how he felt, "*I'm pretty good yet.*" and was told to make play for one of the purses. He accordingly broke off again like a quarter horse and on reaching the straight stretch on the backside caught up with Barlow, who was already so nearly done for, that upon being passed he "pulled up" into a jog trot, until the bell rung. Stannard gave up soon after completing his 10th mile, as did McCabe ; Steeprock, however, "the real no mistake Native American Bullgine," as the boys called him, continued to "go it like bricks" after all had stopped and the race was over ! But the event of most interest in the whole race was the last desperate struggle between Greenhalgh and Gildersleeve. About half down the back stretch the latter overtook the gallant Englishman, but Greenhalgh had yet another brush in him and the thing was not to be done. We could not see the parties from the Judges' stand but the shouting and motions of the people was sufficiently indicative of what was going on.

One of the Judges was on the spot and from him we learn that when Gildersleeve got up to Greenhalgh the latter made a rush and went away from him. Gildersleeve, however, cheered on by thousands, took heart and bided his time, until he reached descending ground between the training stable and the half mile post. Here he made his last effort and it was a desperate one. Collecting all his energies he made a dash at his competitor, reached him, hung an instant, and as twenty thousand people were shouting like devils, away he went past him, some ten or fifteen feet, and the thing was out ! Greenhalgh now fell off into a walk while Gildersleeve kept up his rate beyond the half mile post, until the instant when Mr. Browning, who was close to him on horseback, stopt him when the bell announced that the hour was up ! GILDERSLEEVE in *One Hour*, therefore, ran *Ten Miles and a Half, and Seventy-five yards !* while GREENHALGH ran *Ten Miles in Fifty-seven minutes, One and a half seconds !* BARLOW was not above a second behind Greenhalgh at the close of the 10th mile !

Steeprock kept up his run most gallantly throughout the 11th mile, but hurt his ankle slightly on coming in having run over a boy who could not get out of his way. Immediately upon the ringing of the bell, Gildersleeve stopt and jumped up behind Mr. Browning, and they galloped round to the Judges' stand amidst a scene which baffles all description. Greenhalgh came across the course, we presume, as he reached the stand first. On his arrival he was covered by the gentlemen in the stand with overcoats and dressed. The crowd cheered him vociferously ; he was very much exhausted, being affected much as poor old Argyle was after his tremendous race of four heats of three miles at Baltimore, with Master Henry and Wonder, in 1839. Gildersleeve came forward in the front of the stand and bowed his acknowledgments, for as every man, woman, and child on the course was shouting "like mad," a 42 pounder could not have been heard. He subsequently got into a carriage with his wife and a party of friends, rode quite around the course, and finally drove off in the highest spirits ! The next morning he was "as fine as silk," while Stannard offered to run 10 miles within the hour on the following day. Up to this time all



those engaged in the race are doing well while most of them have quite recovered.

### Recapitulation--Official.

BEACON COURSE, N. J., opposite New York City, Wednesday, Oct. 16, 1844.—Purse \$1000, for running the greatest distance in One Hour, free for all pedestrians, to be divided as follows: \$600 to the 1st, \$250 to the 2d, \$100 to the 3d, and \$50 to the 4th, provided Ten Miles is performed in One Hour by the 1st, and 9½ miles by the 2d, 3d, and 4th.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th
John Gildersleeve .....	7	7	5	4	4	3	3	3	3	3	1
Thos. Greenhalgh .....	3	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	1	2
John Barlow .....	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	3
John Steeprock .....	1	3	3	3	3	4	4	4	4	4	4
Thomas McCabe .....	8	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Henry Stannard .....	6	9	9	8	7	7	7	7	6	6	6
J. P. Taylor .....	5	8	10	9	8	8	8	8	8	7	*
Wm. Fowle .....	4	5	7	7	6	6	6	6	7	*	
Wm. Carles .....	10	11	12	11	11	11	11	13	9	*	
L. S. Lathrop .....	13	12	13	12	13	13	12	11	10	*	
John Navils .....	14	14	15	15	14	14	13	12	11	*	
Amrose Jackson .....	9	6	8	14	9	9	9	9	*		
Thos. Ryan .....	12	10	11	10	10	10	10	10	*		
J. P. L. Smith .....	11	13	14	13	12	12	*				
George Jones .....	15	15	6	6	*						
P. Hutchinson .....	16	*									
George Wood .....	17	*									

\* Stopped.

Time of 1st mile .....	5:16	Aggregate of Time .....	5:16
" " 2d mile .....	5:29	" " 2 miles .....	10:45
" " 3d mile .....	5:33	" " 3 miles .....	16:18
" " 4th mile .....	5:41	" " 4 miles .....	21:59
" " 5th mile .....	5:39	" " 5 miles .....	27:38
" " 6th mile .....	5:49	" " 6 miles .....	33:27
" " 7th mile .....	5:54	" " 7 miles .....	39:21
" " 8th mile .....	5:58	" " 8 miles .....	45:19
" " 9th mile .....	5:57	" " 9 miles .....	51:16
" " 10th mile .....	5:45½	" " 10 miles .....	57:01½

We should have stated previously that owing to several days' hard rain—in consequence of which the race had been twice postponed—the course was not in order to make very fast time, although Mr. Browning had exerted himself very much, under the direction of the pedestrians and their friends, to put it in complete order. A high wind prevailed all the forenoon so that it was comparatively dry and firm on the surface; just before the start took place the wind quite subsided, and the air was cool and bracing.

One of the Judges who ran across the course to see the result informs us that when Gildersleeve stopt, at the ringing of the bell, he was 250 yards ahead of Greenhalgh. We returned to town in the same boat with the latter, who expressed himself under many obligations for the kindness and courtesy extended to himself, his companions and competitors. We learned from him that this was his first race of ten miles. He frankly acknowledged that Gildersleeve was "the best man" at this distance, while at the same time he would like to match him or any one else to run a race of four miles, which he deemed his forte. He and Barlow since their arrival in this country have been in training at Providence, R. I., and such was the confidence of their immediate friends and the Rhode Islanders, that on the evening previous to the race they could not "get on" their money except at great odds. They saved in consequence \$10,000, which would have been put up on them by their new acquaintances here. The three Englishmen, indeed, have conducted themselves with such strict propriety since their arrival, and performed so well, that they commanded from the outset the good wishes of the whole community. Jackson thinking Stannard the most dangerous competitor "held back" to him but could not respond at the critical moment. Barlow, who led the field so long and so gallantly was esteemed the better man to Greenhalgh, his fellow passenger, and it was not

until near the close of the 10th mile that the two and their friends discovered the mistake. Barlow was "doing all he knew" when Greenhalgh passed him at the stand just as they closed the 10th mile, while the latter still had a run in him left.

Of the six who accomplished ten miles within the hour, Gildersleeve received \$600, Greenhalgh \$250, Barlow \$100, and Steeprock \$50. McCabe and Stannard, we trust will receive, if they have not already, a substantial token from their backers, of the general appreciation entertained of their indomitable game on this occasion.

Altogether the race went off swimmingly, notwithstanding the immense swarm of human beings which filled the quarter stretch, and lined each side of the course, from end to end. Extra boats had been provided for the occasion, but it was long after dark before we could leave the Hoboken side of the Hudson; even the boats for Canal and Christopher streets, "let alone" Barclay, were crammed like cigar boxes.

Already there is any quantity of "talk" about another race, and half a dozen matches are on the tapis. One gentleman, well known in the *Sporting World*, offered in our office, on the morning after the race, to match Gildersleeve against any man "alive and above ground," for \$2,000, to run fifteen miles! He had just seen him, and informed us that "Gilder," as he has been called, "felt like a perfect catbird!" In the course of the day we saw nearly all of those who ran over eight miles. They all looked well, were in good spirits; and were unanimously of the opinion that they could beat ten miles an hour into lint. "Yes, they could—and they wouldn't do anything else!"

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## HURDLE RACE ON THE BEACON COURSE.

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On the 30th Sept., an immense throng of spectators assembled on the Beacon Course, opposite this city, to witness the first Hurdle Race which has come off here "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant." No recent event of the kind, not even the Steeple Chase two years since on Long Island, has afforded more gratification, and we shall be disappointed if Hurdle Racing does not become a popular amusement among the manly sports of this country. We have horses admirably adapted by their blood, strength, and stamina, for Hurdle Racing, while there are half a dozen young "men about town," who could compete, after a little practical experience, with any that could be brought against them. Added to this, there are among us dozens of rough riders from the British Isles, and elsewhere, who are ready and willing to go at anything in the ring. This mode of racing, which is so eminently popular in Great Britain, and many portions of the continent, is comparatively unknown in the United States, though in Canada a Turf Club meeting would be incomplete without its hurdle race. In the South and West, however, if properly introduced, Hurdle Racing will be as attractive and popular as Trotting is here. They have first rate horses, the gentlemen pass nearly half their lives in the saddle, and are capital horsemen. From riding to hounds, hunting, and what not, most of the young men are fearless in the saddle, while some of them are such accomplished performers that they would do no discredit to themselves among "the first flight" in Leicestershire.

The race was advertised to come off at 3½ o'clock, but before the Judges were appointed and the jocks weighed, an hour had elapsed. The favorite was Mr. RICHARDS' b. g. *Hops*, 4 yrs., a three-quarter bred horse by Imp. Meux, from Toronto, Canada West; he had been a winner there of repute, with Mr. R. on his back, who was also favorably known as a performer on the pig skin. Mr. A. A. DIXON's ch. h. *Orson*, 6 yrs., an own brother to African, [by Imp. Valentine out of Ethelinda by Marshal Bertrand.] was second favorite. Mr. HIRST's ch. g. *Harkaway*, came next, with GALLAGHER on his back, while HIRAM WOODRUFF, though 15 to 20 lbs. over weight, got up on H. ALFRED

CONOVER's ch. g. *Vicompte Bertrand*, a half bred New Jersey horse, got by Alderman. We have driven the latter before a wagon, but he is equal to 1:5½ under the saddle; with a top sawyer on his back he could have won this race. though Orson must have done so but for an accident to Dr. Dixon, as he had more foot than anything which started.

Richards drew the track with Gallagher the 2d place. The horses started from the three-quarter mile post, near the head of the quarter stretch. The first hurdle was opposite the Club Stand, and was removed the instant the horses passed it, so that they might have a good long run in; the 2d one was near the quarter mile post, and the 3d and 4th in appropriate positions at about equal distances; all were four feet high, but they were not so strong as they should have been.

*The Race.* At a signal given by a mounted gentleman, all four horses got off, but no one seemed inclined to make play, until they got over the first hurdle. Gallagher, on Harkaway, led the way over it in tip-top style, with Richards well up to him; the cheering was immense as these two cleared it. Dixon, on Orson, came next, but his horse swerved slightly and knocked off one end of the top rail, throwing him on the pommel of his saddle, while Woodruff's *Vicompte Bertrand* hit the other end. All got well over the 2d and 3d hurdle, Hops and Orson appearing to take the 3d in their stride; Hiram and Gallagher rose at the same instant, and took it together in beautiful style, amidst tremendous cheers. Richards made play after passing the 3d hurdle, and reaching the 4th in advance cleared it like an artist, as did Dixon, but the latter's horse not recovering his feet he was thrown on his horse's neck and nearly disabled. Orson had so much more foot than Hops, that notwithstanding Richards crossed him on the latter, Dixon won the heat by about a length. Hiram's horse, in taking the 4th hurdle got his fore legs between the rails, knocked it into "immortal smash," and turned a summersett, sending Hiram about as far on his back as a country boy can jerk a trout! Hiram subsequently remounted and trotted in, amidst the laughter and cheers of his friends, in great good humor. The time was 2:25. The jockey of Orson complained of foul riding on the part of the jockey of Hops, but the Judges dismissed it, as they also did a charge against the jockey of Orson, for dismounting without orders. Dixon informed us subsequently, that he received an injury in taking the 1st hurdle, (which Orson hit) and that he became so weak as to be unable to lift his horse over the 4th.

After a protracted recess three again came to the post; Hiram had got enough for one lesson, and accordingly allowed *Vicompte Bertrand* to be sent to the stable, though a new jockey had mounted him, thinking probably, that the rider only, and not the horse, was distanced in the 1st heat!

Second Heat: Gallagher went off at a racing pace on Harkaway, and took the 1st hurdle in his stride, as did Dixon, who was 2d, and Richards 3d. The backers of the Canada horse were not so sanguine as before; the field had the call at 2 to 1. Gallagher's horse refused the 2d hurdle, and after several ineffectual attempts to clear it, he rushed against it and threw Gallagher over his head, Orson and Hops got well over and took the 3d, at nearly the same instant, but at the 4th Dixon was thrown, and Hops won by nearly a distance. Harkaway was nowhere!

Dixon, though he recovered and mounted his horse, was obliged to be lifted off on coming through; he fainted and was taken into the Judges' stand, but subsequently recovered, and on the following day was, like Hiram, about as good as new, though we imagine neither was "set forward any" by kissing their mother earth.

Gallagher who was distanced on Harkaway, now took Dixon's place on Orson. Between the heats, however, he gave Harkaway another turn at the impracticable hurdle, but he could not get him over it. The result of a long and desperate contest between him and his horse was, that the latter finally threw him flat on his back.

Third Heat: It was now 20 minutes to 6 o'clock, and nearly dark. Richards this time made strong play and handsomely cleared the 1st hurdle, the backers of the favorite cheering him most lustily. Gallagher knocked it down, and on reaching the 2d, his horse refused it half a dozen times, so that Hops won without a struggle, by near a quarter of a mile, having taken all his hurdles in fine style, without a baulk. Recapitulation:—

MONDAY, Sept. 30, 1844, *Beacon Course, N. J.* Hurdle Race for a purse of \$500, given by the Proprietor; free for all horses; weight 160 lbs.; four hurdles four feet high in each heat. One mile and a quarter heats.

Abraham Richards' b. g. <i>Tops</i> by Imp. Meux, 4 yrs.....	Owner.....	2	1	1
A. A. Dixon's ch. h. <i>Orson</i> , by Imp. Valentine, 6 yrs.....	Owner.....	1	2	dist.
Charles Hirst's ch. g. <i>Harkaway</i> , aged.....	J. Gallagher.....	3	dist.	
H. A. Conover's ch. g. <i>Vicomte Bertrand</i> , by Alderman, aged..	H. Woodruff.....	dist.		

The affair went off very well, all things considered, and we hope to see a repetition of the race.

## Notes of the Month.

### NOVEMBER.

*Regent goes to Charleston!*—We have before us a letter from one of the owners of this fine horse in which the following paragraph occurs:—

\* \* \* "I see that the South Carolina Jockey Club at Charleston, with great liberality, have offered a magnificent purse of \$2,500 to be run for at their next meeting, provided that *Fashion*, *Regent* and *Peytona*, or one out of each stable will enter; on that proposition I will merely remark that so far as *Regent* is concerned, life and health permitting he will make one of the distinguished trio."

There is hardly a doubt of *Fashion's* going to Charleston. An arrangement will be made as soon as Mr. LAIRD returns from Baltimore. It only remains for the spirited owner of *Peytona* to make play?

*Rilly Townes* the distinguished son of Imp. Fylde, is to make his next season near Williamsboro', N. C., under the direction of Col. E. TOWNES,

Mr. J. CLARK, the new proprietor of the Courses at Montgomery and Selma, Ala., left North Carolina a few weeks since with *Wellington*, *Taghoni*, and a fine 3 yr. old by *Steel* out of *Miss Bett*. These cracks are to be trained at the *Bertrand Course*, Montgomery, where *Wellington* will probably stand next season.

We are indebted to the kindness of ROBERT EMMETT, Esq. of this city, for one of the most acceptable presents which Fortune ever "buckled on our back,"—a present doubly gratifying as coming from one of the most ardent and accomplished disciples of old Izaak Walton in the United States. The acquaintances of our time honored old friend, Gen. G., of Washington City,—a veteran "of the regular Army"—will not fail to remember his manifestations of delight upon receiving from his friend Sir CHARLES VAUGHAN, after the latter's return to England from his diplomatic mission here, a capacious "book," filled with a superb collection of Artificial Flies. With no tithe of the General's ability to express his grateful acknowledgements, we still do not yield to him in the sincerity of our appreciation of the generous impulses which prompted this characteristic token of regard, from a brother angler. In the case before us we find first, a dozen rare flies, dressed by the veritable hands of the renowned PADDY KELLY of Dublin, and tied on Limerick hooks of O'Shaughnessy's, or Sell's bend—hooks not to be obtained for love or money in this country. Each one is worthy of a distinct engraving and a separate chapter. Next comes a dozen "droppers," the exquisite handiwork of the late lamented Father LEVINS, of this city, one of our most eloquent Catholic divines, among which "the Professor" [so named for old KIT NORTH of Blackwood's Magazine,] "the Moth" and other "killers" are conspicuous. In another division we find an assortment of colored gut "leaders," one of which, made by Kelly of Dublin, fairly "bangs Bannagher!" It tapers gradually—"small by degrees and beautiful-



ly less"—from the loop which attaches it to the "casting-line" to the extreme point on which we should tie "a grey palmer" or "a green drake," according to the state of the water. It is stained with onion juice to the delicate hue of a blush on a cheek of alabaster. Two others colored in masterly style by Mr. E. himself, with tea, are "perfect loves" in their way, and there is one more, made by Father Levins, which to our eye is far more precious than "a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear." Last of all, in a cover of parchment, we find an assortment of Limerick Hooks of O'Shaughnessey's bend, and Kirby Hooks of "the Sneek" bend, neither variety of which can be purchased in the United States.

*Register.*—We regret to hear that this fine horse of Col. THOMSON's, of Maryland, has given way, and been thrown out of training.

*Mexican Stirrups.*—A valuable addition has been made this week to the Editor's Cabinet of Sporting Curiosities by SULLIVAN A. MEREDITH, Esq., of this city, in the shape of a pair of South American or Mexican Stirrups. They are of wood, and weigh about five pounds each! They are elaborately carved on three sides; the foot does not project through them, and no one would imagine for what possible purpose they were intended unless informed. They no more resemble an American stirrup than does a chest of drawers, a coal scuttle, a bet on the Presidential Election, or anything else in which a man has a chance to "put his foot in it!"

*Breaking Colts.*—The St. Louis "Reveille" gives us the sensible remarks annexed on this subject, which is one of great interest:—

The best tamer of colts that was ever known in Massachusetts, (Col. JACQUES of Charleston,) never allowed whip or spur to be used; and the horses he trained needed no whip. Their spirits were unbroken by severity, and they obeyed the slightest impulse of the voice or rein, with the most animated promptitude; but rendered obedient to affection, their vivacity was always restrained by graceful docility. He said it was with horses as it was with children, if accustomed to beating, they would not obey without it. But, if managed with untiring gentleness, united with consistent and very equitable firmness, the victory once gained over them was gained forever.

In the face of all these facts, the world goes on manufacturing whips, spurs, gallows and chains, while each one carries within his own soul a divine substitute for these devil's inventions, with which he might work miracles inward and outward, if he would.

On the morning after the great Foot Race, Barlow put forth the following Challenge:—

I JOHN BARLOW, of Manchester, England, hereby challenge any man born within the United States of America, to run the distance of Ten Miles for the sum of One Thousand Dollars. The match to come off over such ground as I may select, within twenty miles of the city of New York, on the eleventh day of November next, at two o'clock P. M., weather permitting, or the first fair day afterwards. Five Hundred Dollars each of the stakes to be placed in the hands of such parties as may be mutually agreed upon, at the house of Mr. Edmund Jones, the Second Ward Hotel, Nassau street, in the city of New York, on Saturday next, the 19th day of October instant, on or before 9 o'clock in the evening—at the same time and place the name of the party accepting this challenge to be made known publicly. The amount deposited to be forfeited in case either party fail in fulfilling the terms and conditions mutually agreed upon.

New York, Oct. 17, 1844.

EDMUND JONES for  
JOHN BARLOW.

On the Friday following, GILDERSLEEVE called at our office, and said he would run any man in the world, on the Beacon Course, for from 1,000 to 5,000 dollars, 10 or 15 miles.

Major N. Y. Richardson of Alexandria, La, has recently bought the following colts, blooded stock:—of Thos. Alderson his b. c. (yearling) Bentuck by imp. Belshazzar out of Sally Naylor, price \$250—of B. Bosley his 2 year old ch. f. by imp. Belshazzar, dam by Bluster, price \$275—of L. J. Polk, Esq, his 2 year old br. g. by imp. Ainderby, dam by Giles Scroggins, price \$246—Also his gr. f. (yearling) by Lynedock out of imp. Venetia, price \$200.

## The Racing Calendar.

### CRAB ORCHARD, KY., RACES.

BY "ROVER."

CRAB ORCHARD (Ky.), September, 1844.

*Dear P.*—The following is the result of three days sport over the Spring Hill Course. The weather was extremely fine, and the attendance on each day numerous.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 11, 1844—Proprietor's Purse \$50, ent. \$10 added, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

Henry W. Farris' ch. f. *Ann Bell*, own sister to John and Jim Bell..... *Jas. Kelly.* 1 1  
Jas. L. Masby's b. f. *Joanna Steele*, by Woodpecker, out of Werner's dam..... 2 2  
Time, 1:57—2:05.

THURSDAY, Sept. 12—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Jas. Shv's ch. f. *Lucy Webb*, (formerly *Calanthe*) by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs. 1 1  
Hy. W. Farris' b. g. *Mingo Bell*, by Mingo, out of the dam of Jim and Josh Bell, 4 yrs 2 2  
Time, 1:50½—1:52.

An extremely interesting and well contested race.

FRIDAY, Sept. 13—Proprietor's purse \$200. free for all ages, weights as before—Two mile heats.

Jno. R. Smith's ch. f. *Ann Harrod*, by Hickory John, dam by King William, 3 yrs. .... *John Walden* 1 1  
Hy. W. Farris' br. h. *Denmark*, by Imp. Hedgford, out of Betsey Harrison, by Aratus, 5 yrs..... 2 2

1st Heat.		2d Heat.	
1st mile.....	1:53	1st mile.....	1:53
2d ".....	1:56	2d ".....	1:54
	3:49		3:47

An exciting race, and the quickest ever made over the course. Denmark was considerably the favorite at starting, from the facts of his "being at home," and Ann not running in public more than mile heats. She won the Brennan stake at Lexington, last spring, but was subsequently beaten by Liz Tillett, at Louisville. Liz was afterwards purchased by J. B. Pryor, Esq. of Natchez, and as I learn, is going finely. She has a decidedly pretty form, and an uncommon turn of speed. She does not appear at first sight as possessing much stamina, her proportions being rather of the exquisite order; but a little familiarity with her appearance improves her, in your "mind's eye." If she does not stop very short she will be hard to handle almost any distance. She moves with very great ease, and suits me better than any of her age I have met with in the state. She was raised by Mr. FARRIS of this place—but to the race.

Denmark drew "the track," and bounded off with the lead at a racing pace; Ann in the first quarter was a clear length behind, she gradually closed the gap, and in rounding the turn into the home stretch, they were locked—a beautiful brush brought her about saddle skirts ahead at the judge's stand. She took "the track" before rounding the first turn, and Denmark's rider here quite injudiciously took a pull on him, by which Ann placed herself nearly two lengths ahead before they had gone a quarter of a mile. On the back stretch Denmark again made play, and with all the persuasion his rider could use, she kept the lead. The run home was very beautiful, but the filly had the best of him. They both cooled off to admiration, and to appearance cared as little about the heat, as though they had not been running. The betting changed—the filly now the favorite. It was evident if she did not quit, that the old horse could not reach her. At the tap in the second heat, he set sail in good earnest for a driving race. On the straight sides he was pressed all the way, and nobly he responded to the call. He was nicely managed around the turns, and again let loose in straight work. The filly took the spur pretty freely in the last mile as Denmark made his tremendous brushes at her. He ran a game and rapid race, but her speed was too much for him—the last mile was very exciting. Den-

mark has proved that *two miles* is not his *best* distance, and *I* shall be much mistaken if the opinions of many who are called good judges, are not materially changed in regard to his powers as a race-horse, before the Kentucky campaign is over. Ann Harrod has improved greatly in appearance since last spring. She will, without doubt, try it on at Lexington with Miss Clark, and you will find that it will not be a chestnut horse to a horse-chestnut that the latter will have the best of it.

There perhaps never was so much excitement in Kentucky as now exists about racing matters; and I am inclined to the belief that you will be called upon to record another "best race ever run in America," if not at Lexington, at Louisville, unless an accident should happen to "the cracks."

Iago will in all probability meet Ann Hays at Louisville, and if they are both up to the mark, the *small boys* had better stand back a little; they will see quite as well.

### BALTIMORE, Md., TRIAL RACES.

The proprietor has furnished us with the bare results, without the slightest indication of the owners or pedigrees of the horses. We have supplied most of these omissions, after poring over the Racing Calendar for two hours; the reporter could have made them perfect in three minutes.

TUESDAY, Sept. 17, 1844—Match, \$250 a side, h. ft. Mile heats.

Peyton R. Johnson's b. c. <i>Victor</i> , by Imp. Cetus, out of My Lady (The Colonel's dam) by Comus, 3 yrs. 86lbs.	1	1
R. J. Worthington's b. f. <i>Kate Coy</i> , by Critic, out of Nancy Bond, 3 yrs. 83lbs.	2	2
Time, 1:52—1:55.		

SAME DAY—Match, \$100 a side, h. ft. One mile.

Peyton R. Johnson's b. c. <i>Own brother to Victor</i> , 2 yrs.	1	
R. J. Worthington's ro. f. by Drone, 2 yrs.	2	
Time, 1:57.		

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 18—Match, \$500 a side, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Peyton R. Johnson's ch. c. <i>The Colonel</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of My Lady (Victor's dam) by Comus, 4 yrs. 100 lbs.	1	1
T. R. S. Boyce's ch. c. <i>Oh See</i> , by Imp. Foreigner, d. by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs. 100lbs	2	2
Time, 3:57—4:02.		

SAME DAY—Purse \$50, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

James B. Kendall's br. c. <i>Rodney</i> , by Imp. Priam, 4 yrs.	3	1	1
Peyton R. Johnson's ch. h. <i>Nobleman</i> , by Imp. Cetus, out of The Colonel's dam by Comus, 6 yrs.	1	2	3
Wm. Field's b. g. <i>Old Kentuck</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Snow Storm, 4 yrs.	2	3	2
John Gooding's c. <i>Gesner</i> , 3 yrs.	4	4	dist.
Time, 1:52—1:52—1:54.			

THURSDAY, Sept. 19—Purse \$100, conditions as in previous race. Two mile heats.

Peyton R. Johnson's ch. c. <i>The Colonel</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.	1	1
N. Stonestreet's gr. h. <i>Wilton Brown</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Ninon de l'Enclos by Rattler, 6 yrs.	2	2
Time, 3:45—3:55.		

### CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., RACES.

The editor of the "People's Press" has very courteously furnished us with the annexed report:—

THURSDAY, Sept. 19, 1844.—Jockey Club Purse \$—, free for all ages; 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.: 4, 100; 5, 110; 6, 118; 7 and upwards, 124; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

S. Logue's b. c. <i>Boxer</i> by Mingo, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs.	1	1
Mr. Ellis's ch. c. <i>Snag</i> by Medoc, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs.	2	2
Time, 3:54—4:02. Track heavy.		

FRIDAY, Sept. 20—Jockey Club Purse \$—; conditions as before. Three mile heats.

S. Logue's ch. h. <i>Simon Kenton</i> by Medoc dam by Rattler, 5 yrs.	1	1
Mr. Ellis's ch. h. <i>John Archy</i> by John Richards, 6 yrs.	2	2
Mr. Buffington's ch. g. <i>Wattle-Hawk</i> by Reveille 6 yrs.	3	dist.
Time, 5:56—7:00.		

SATURDAY, Sept. 21—Jockey Club Purse \$—; conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Mr. Buffington's ch. g. <i>Wattle Hawk</i> (pedigree above).	2	1	1	1
S. Logue's b. g. <i>Crack-Loo</i> by Woodpecker.	1	2	2	2
Time, 1:58—2:04—2:08.				

A correspondent states that the late meeting at this place went off with the utmost spirit. The first day was advertised for Mile heats, but there being no entries the evening previous there was but little sport, although there was quite

an attendance. In order to amuse the spectators, a small purse was given, and two untried colts entered for mile heats.

### LEXINGTON, Ky., RACES.

The semi-annual meeting of the Kentucky Association came off over their beautiful course, at Lexington, some two weeks since. According to the "Observer and Reporter" the meeting was more interesting than any that has preceded it for a number of years. "The attendance," we are glad to hear, "has been larger, finer fields of horses have contended for the purses, and each day's races have been contested in the most gallant and spirited manner, leaving it uncertain to the last to which of the noble champions the prize would be awarded. The time made, too, is better on the whole, than has heretofore been made on our course, showing the rapid improvement which is being made in the breed of this noble animal."

**TUESDAY, Sept. 24, 1844**—Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Capt. Willa Viley's (Robt. Burbridge's) b. c. <i>Woodcock</i> , by Woodpecker out of Sarah Miller, by Cherokee, 4 yrs.....	4	2	1	1
James K. Duke's b. f. <i>Magdalen</i> , by Medoc out of Keph's dam by Sumter, 4 yrs.....	5	1	2	2
David Heinsohn & Co.'s br. c. <i>Consol, Jr.</i> , by Imp. Consol, out of The Nun's Daughter by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs.....	1	4	3	dist.
Col. Wm. Buford's b. c. <i>Crowell</i> , by John Bascombe, dam by Sumter, 4 yrs.....	3	3	dr.	
S. B. Thomas' ch. f. by Imp. Ainderby, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs.....	2	5	dist.	

Time, 5:47—5:48—5:46—5:52.

**WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25**—Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile haats.

Jas. L. Bradley's gr. c. <i>Croton</i> , by Chorister, dam by Muckle John, 4 yrs.....	4	1	1	
H. W. Farris's b. g. <i>Mingo Bell</i> , by Frank out of Jonquil (Josh and Jim Bell's dam,) by Little John, 4 yrs.....	5	4	2	
W. Baird's ch. c. <i>St. Charles</i> , by Imp. Jordan, dam by Mercury, 3 yrs.....	2	2	3	
Col. W. Buford's b. c. <i>Tom Merry</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumter, 4 yrs.....	1	3	dist.	
J. G. Boswell's b. g. <i>Limbo</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Equity, 4 yrs.....	6	dist.		
Jas. Shy's ch. c. by Frank, dam by Woodpecker, 4 yrs.....	3	dr.		

Time, 1:50½—1:50½—1:49.

**SAME DAY, Second Race**—Post or Sweepstakes, of five subs. at \$50 each, P. P.; age and weight omitted. Mile heats.

S. Davenport's (J. G. Chiles') ch. c. <i>Dr. Franklin</i> by Frank, out of Althea, by Big Archie.....	1	1		
J. L. Bradley's nomination.....	4	dist.		
W. A. Stewart's nomination.....	2	dist.		
Jas. Shy's nomination.....	3	dist.		

Time, 1:52½—1:51½

**THURSDAY, Sept. 26**—Purse \$250, conditions as on Tuesday. Two mile heats.

James L. Bradley's ch. f. <i>Moth</i> by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Imp. Velocipede, 4 yrs.....	1	1		
Dr. E. Warfield's b. c. <i>Marco</i> by Sir Leslie, dam by Lance, 4 yrs.....	3	2		
John R. Smith's ch. f. <i>Ann Harrod</i> by Hickory John, dam by King William, 3 yrs.....	2	dist.		
F. G. Murphy & Co.'s br. f. by Imp. Hedgford, out of Motto's dam.....	4	dist.		
H. W. Farris's ch. f. <i>Ann Bell</i> , own sister to Josh and Jim Bell, 3 yrs.....	dist.			

Time, 3:48½—3:43.

**SAME DAY, Second Race**—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, carrying weight as 3 yr. olds. Seven subs. at \$40 each, h. ft. One mile.

J. L. Bradley's (D. McIntyre's) ch. f. by Wagner, dam by Sumter.....	1			
J. W. Thornton's b. c. by Grey Eagle, dam by Moses.....	2			
Geo. Thomas's bl. f. by Birmingham, dam by Tiger.....	3			

Time, 1:53½.

**FRIDAY, Sept. 27**—Purse \$600, conditions as on Tuesday. Four mile heats.

F. G. Murphy & Co.'s ch. m. <i>Motto</i> by Imp. Barefoot, out of Lady Tompkins, by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	2	1	1	
J. L. Bradley's b. h. <i>Greyhead</i> , by Chorister, dam by Muckle John, 5 yrs.....	1	2	2	
P. E. Todhunter's b. c. <i>Zingaro</i> , by Zinganee, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs.....	4	dist.		
Col. W. Buford's b. h. <i>Mirabeau</i> , by Medoc, out of Mary Ann by Sumter, 5 yrs.....	3	dr.		
D. Heinsohn's ch. f. <i>Miss Clash</i> , by Birmingham, dam by Cumberland, 4 yrs.....	5	dr.		

Time, 7:53—8:00½—8:06½.

**SATURDAY, Sept. 28**—Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

James L. Bradley's g. c. <i>Croton</i> by Chorister, dam by Muckle John, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1	
Robert Burbridge's ch. f. <i>Lucy Webb</i> , by Medoc, out of Calanthe by Sumter.....	3	4	2	
H. W. Farris's ch. f. <i>Ann Bell</i> by Frank, dam by Little John, 3 yrs.....	2	2	dist.	
H. Daniel's ch. g. <i>Pan</i> by Imp. Envoy, dam by Moses, 5 yrs.....	4	3	dist.	
J. J. Allen's <i>Black Spot</i> by Hickory, out of the dam of Robert Bruce, 5 yrs.....	dist.			

Time, 2:00—2:03—2:01½.

Track very heavy, from rain the night previous and on the day of the race.



## NEW YORK, UNION COURSE, L. I.

We cannot say much for the interest of these races on the 1st ult., but the fineness of the weather put every one—save the proprietor—in good spirits, and the Club dinner at Snedeker's in the evening, was capital. The plan of running four races in a single day does not appear to serve the interests of the proprietors of the course; a single race for which horses of note are to contend, will undoubtedly attract more spectators here than half a dozen in which the winner can be named. The races came off in the following order:—

**TUESDAY, Oct. 1, 1844.**—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Two subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Jas. K. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) b. c. by Imp. Langford, out of Miss Mat-		
tie by Sir Archy.....	Jack.....	1 1
S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') gr. f. Edith by Shadow, out of Fashion's dam.....		2 2

Time, 3:57—4:03. Course a little heavy.

This race was won handily by the Langford colt, who has plenty of bone and substance, like his sire: he is somewhat "tied in" below the knee, but has good action. Edith is of Blue Dick's color, but the resemblance is not to be traced farther. She is too lightly moulded ever to distinguish herself at a distance, and appears to lack speed, so that being the first of Shadow's produce, we should not cry our eyes out if she was his last, notwithstanding her owner thinks very highly of him and her. We may be entirely mistaken in our estimate of the filly's racing powers, but the above was the universal impression of the breeders and turfmen present—a fact we sincerely regret. Bonnets o' Blue, if bred to a fine horse, should have produced a flyer like Fashion—at any rate, so almost every one believes; consequently, the disappointment in Edith's appearance and performance is greatly magnified.

**SAME DAY, Second Race.**—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Three subs. at \$100 each, \$25 ft. Mile heats.

Chas. S. Lloyd's (Capt. Geo. Sutton's) gr. f. by Imp. Langford out of Gulnare		
(Bengal's dam) by Duroc.....	Jack.....	1 1
Jas. K. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) b. c. by Imp. Langford, out of Imp. Dianah		2 2

Time, 1:57—2:02.

Capt. Sutton's filly won in such style that we shall not be surprised if she should go both the pace and the distance when her form gets more matured. She is much lighter than the colt. Daniel Abbott's nomination was upon the ground, but not being quite up to the mark, paid forfeit. He is a very bloodlike looking colt.

**SAME DAY, Third Race.**—Purse of \$200, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 90lbs., 4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Samuel Laird's ch. h. Stanley Eclipse by Busiris, dam by John Stanley, 5 yrs.		
Chas. S. Lloyd's gr. f. by Bolivar, dam by Imp. Barefoot, 3 yrs.....	Jos. Laird.....	1 1
H. Alfred Conover's b. c. Livingston by Imp. Trustee, dam by Henry, 4 yrs.....		4 2
Jas. K. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) b. f. by Imp. Trustee out of Miss Mattie,		3 0
4 yrs.....		2 0

Time 3:53—3:57.

The Trustee filly was the favorite against the field at 2 to 1, having been regarded last season as the most promising at the North. On the present occasion she seemed to be off her foot, the consequence, we suspect, of a most extraordinary trial she made a short time since. She is a large slashing filly, and would have been matched last Spring for almost any amount. Stanley Eclipse is a very finely-formed horse, and has so much foot as to be an ugly customer at Two mile heats. He won cleverly; the most interesting portion of the race was the contest for the 3d place, between the Trustee colt and filly, which resulted in a dead heat.

**SAME DAY, Fourth Race.**—Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. m. Fashion by Imp. Trustee out of Bonnets o' Blue		
(Mariner's dam) by Sir Charles, 7 yrs.....	Jos. Laird.....	1 1
Henry A. Conover's b. c. Dunvegan by Imp. Trustee out of Jemima (Job's dam,) by Thornton's Rattler, 4 yrs.....		2 dr.

Time 6:13.

The odds were 20 to 1 on Fashion, who won, of course, like open and shut. The Sporting World may not be unconcerned to hear that since her race with Blue Dick last Spring, her coat of satin chesnut has become figured with spots of white hair, of the size of a shilling piece! We have heard that Reality's color changed in like manner. Fashion promises to become as speckled as a bantam fowl, and already her color is so singularly changed that she would be

a decided star in the stud of an equestrian troupe! Mr. Laird informs us that these spots of "purest ray serene" do not proceed from blisters or any humor, but that they are constantly increasing in number, although the mare is in robust health. She was emphatically "the cynosure of all eyes," on being stripped: several gentlemen from Canada and from distant States of the Union, who were present and saw her for the first time, pronounced her a prodigy of horse flesh. After all her hard races her limbs look now, at seven years old, much finer, and she presented a more fresh and blooming appearance generally, than any colt on the ground.

## NASHVILLE, TENN., RACES.

NASHVILLE, Oct. 6, 1844.

*Dear Sir:* In the absence of an official reporter, you will allow me to give you a brief statement of the races which commenced here on Monday last.

**MONDAY, Sept. 30, 1844**—Produce Stakes for 3 yr. olds; colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Fifteen subs. at \$500 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

H. Dickinson's b. f. *Fanny King* by Imp. Glencoe, out of Mary Smith by Sir Richard..... rec'd. ft.

**TUESDAY, Oct. 1**—Jockey Club Purse \$300, free for all ages; 3 yrs., 86lbs.; 4, 100; 5, 110; 6, 118; 7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Thomas Alderson's ch. f. *Tarantula* by Imp. Belshazzar, out of Mary Jane Davis by Stockholder, 4 yrs..... 1 1

Balie Peyton's br. m. *Great Western* by Imp. Luzborough, out of Black Maria by Eclipse, 5 yrs..... 2 2

B. Johnson's gr. f. by Pacific, out of Gamma's dam by Richard, 3 yrs..... dist.

Samuel J. Carter's b. c. by Eclipse, out of Sally Naylor, 4 yrs..... dist.

Time, 5:56—5:58.

This was no ordinary race, and deserves a few remarks. The winner is a fine lengthy chesnut filly, about fifteen hands three inches high, with a star, and one hind foot white.—Betting 2 to 1 on *Tarantula*. Gamma's sister and the Eclipse colt made all the running in the first mile. After vainly attempting to restrain his mare, Randall was obliged to go in front, and remained in that position, winning (under a strong pull) by several lengths, distancing the Eclipse colt and the filly.

Second heat: It was perfect play for *Tarantula*, who went ahead and won as she pleased; indeed, she pulled up to a walk to allow *Great Western* to save her distance. Since the race, *Tarantula* has been sold to Mr. Miles Kelly for \$1200. She goes South in company with Iago.

**WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2**—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, weights not stated. Seven subs. at \$100 each, \$35 ft. One mile.

J. Nichol's b. c. by Imp. Priam, out of Zelina by Imp. Leviathan..... 1

J. S. Brien's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder..... 2

J. B. Carter's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand..... 3

Time, 1:56.

The Priam colt the favorite, who won, after a pretty race, by half a length.

**SAME DAY.**—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages; weights as before, subscription \$50 each. Mile heats.

J. S. Brien's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs..... 1 1

A. P. Yourie's ch. c. by Pacific, dam by Partnership, 3 yrs..... 3 2

L. W. Leavell's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Childers, 4 yrs..... 2 dist.

Time, 1:53—1:53½.

**THURSDAY, Oct. 3**—Jockey Club Purse \$200; conditions as before. Two mile heats.

J. C. Guild's ch. f. *Mary Lewis* by Imp. Leviathan, out of Proserpine by Oscar, 4 yrs..... 1 1

B. Johnson's br. f. *Purity* by Imp. Ainderby, dam by Giles Scroggins, 3 yrs..... 2 2

Time, 3:53½—3:56½.

The first heat was prettily contested, and won by half a length. The second heat *Mary Lewis* won very handily.

**FRIDAY, Oct. 4**—Proprietor's Purse \$100; conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Thos. Alderson's ch. f. *Tarantula* (pedigree above)..... 1 1

W. Taylor's gr. c. by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Orphan, 4 yrs..... 3 2

Jesse Cage's gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs..... 2 dist.

First Heat.

Second Heat.

Time of 1st mile..... 1:52 | Time of 1st mile..... 1:52

" " 2d mile..... 1:56 | " " 2d mile..... 1:54

" " 1st heat..... 3:48 | " " 2d heat..... 3:46

After such a race as this, there can be no doubt but what *Tarantula* has proved herself to be a horse of extraordinary game and speed. 3:48—3:46 is

the best time ever made, by several seconds, over this course. The betting was in favor of Tarantula at 2 to 1. After great difficulty with the Autocrat they got a fair start. The Leviathan and colt carried on the running for the first mile, when the Autocrat drew back: here Tarantula went up, and with her enormous stride collared her on the second turn. She had it, now, "nip and tye" to the finish; Tarantula winning by about half a length.

Second heat: The grey filly again made the play for the first half mile, when Tarantula went to work at a killing lick and cut her down instantaneously. The Leviathan now led off and the Autocrat took her place, but it was all plain sailing for the Belshazzar, who finished the race in gallant style, winning by at least fifty yards.

SATURDAY, Oct. 5—Jockey Club Purse \$500; conditions as before. Four mile heats.

B. Johnson's gr. m. <i>Cripple</i> by Imp. Philip, out of Gamma's dam, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Col. G. Elliott's (M. Kelly's) bl. c. <i>Iago</i> by Othello, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 8:03—8:12		

There seemed to be but one opinion on this race: *Iago* was the favorite at 5 to 1, and very few takers. On starting, *Iago* broke off before the drum was tapped, and ran off (his rider having no control over him) for nearly three miles, making the first two miles in 3:50. Sufficient time was allowed to cool out, though it didn't set him forward any in his condition. They went off at a pretty good pace, both doing their best the entire distance. The mare out-lugged him, and won the heat by several lengths. *Iago* pulled up slightly lame. Time, 1st mile, 1:53—2d, 2:00—3d, 2:01—4th, 2:08.

The result of the heat was a poser. The betting now completely changed, and 3 to 1 was freely offered on the mare. She led off, and continued the lead to the last half mile, when *Iago* challenged: an exciting race ensued, the whip and spur being applied most lustily to the finish, where the mare came in ahead by a clear length. Taking into consideration the state of the course and the time made the previous days, it was a very poor race.

### ROCK RIVER, ILL., RACES.

Mr. Editor,—Our first meeting on the Woodland Course (near Dixon) came off on Monday last (1st July), and from the pleasure shown on all sides, gave promise of the sport we may hereafter look for on Rock River. You may observe that one of the contending horses was sired by Abdallah, and though unsuccessful, he ran the winner sufficiently close to prove that his stock possesses running as well as trotting qualities.

MONDAY, July 1, 1844—Purse \$500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100,—5, 110,—6, 118,—7, and upwards, 124; allowing 3 lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

W. F. Bradshaw's gr. c. by Eclipse, dam by Arab, 3 yrs.....	1	1
J. Shillaber's b. f. by Abdallah, dam by Saxe Weimar, 3 yrs.....	2	2
Mr. Dodge's b. c., 3 yrs.....	dist.	
Mr. Coe's br. f., 3 yrs.....	dist.	
Time, 1:56—1:57.		

C. BAYLEY, Secretary.

P.S. This course is half a mile only in circumference, consequently the horses had to go around it twice each heat, a circumstance materially adverse to speed.

### WASHINGTON, D. C., RACES.

We compile from the "National Intelligencer" the details of the meeting, on the National Course, to which is subjoined an original report by our correspondent "D. P.," in his very best style.

TUESDAY, Oct. 8, 1844—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Peyton R. Johnson's br. c. *Victor* by Imp. Cetus, out of My Lady (Passenger and the Colonel's dam) by Comus..... rec'd. ft.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as above; — subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Maj. Thomas Doswell's br. f. by Pamunky (dam not given).....	1	1
Col. Jas. Williamson's ch. c. by Imp. Trustee, (dam not given).....	2	2
Col. Fr. Thompson's gr. f. <i>Fidelity</i> by Imp. Priam, out of Register's dam.....	3	3
Time, 1:51—1:51½.		

**SAME DAY**—Purse \$25, entrance \$5, added, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs., 4, 100—5, 110—6, 115—7 and upwards, 124 lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

P. R. Johnson's (W. Field's) b. g. <i>Old Kentuck</i> by Woodpecker, 4 yrs.....	2	1	2	1
A. M. Payne's (J. M. P. Newby's) b. m. <i>Lady Polk</i> by Comet, 6 yrs.....	3	3	1	3
James B. Kendall's ch. f. by Drone, 4 yrs.....	1	2	3	2
William Holmead's ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, 4 yrs.....	4	dr.		

Time, 1:55½—1:55½—1:55—1:55½.

**WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9**—Purse \$100; conditions as in Tuesday's Purse race. Mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's br. f. by Imp. Priam out of Medora by John Richards, 4 yrs....	1	1
Isham Puckett's b. f. <i>Ann Howard</i> by Imp. Priam, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs....	2	2

Time, 1:51—1:54.

**SAME DAY**—Second Race—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. James Williamson's ch. f. <i>Marchioness</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	3	1	1
P. R. Johnson's ch. c. <i>The Colonel</i> , by Imp. Priam out of Victor's dam, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2
Col. F. Thompson's gr. m. <i>Kate Harris</i> by Imp. Priam, out of Ninon de l'Enclos by Rattler, 5 yrs.....	2	dist.	

Time, 3:57—3:53—4:00.

**THURSDAY, Oct. 10**—Citizen's Plate \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's b. h. <i>Prior</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Queen of Clubs by Eclipse, 6 yrs.....	6	5	1	1
Otway P. Hare's b. m. by Imp. Priam, out of Mary Lea by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	4	1	4	2
Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. <i>Billy Bowie</i> , by Drone, out of Agility by Sir James, 5 yrs.....	3	4	2	r. o.
T. R. S. Boyce's — h. <i>Alamode</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs.....	2	2	3	r. o.
P. R. Johnson's (Edward H. Pendleton's) ch. f. <i>Myra Gaines</i> , by Critic, dam by Tuckahoe, 3 yrs.....	5	3	dist.	
Col. J. Williamson's b. f. <i>Mabel Wynn</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1	6	dist.	

Time, 3:50—3:55—3:56—4:01

**FRIDAY, Oct. 11**—Purse \$350, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

N. Stonestreet's (Col. F. Thompson's) gr. h. <i>Wilton Brown</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Kate Harris's dam, 6 yrs.....	1	3	1
O. P. Hare's b. f. <i>Patsey Anthony</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	3	1	3
Col. J. Williamson's b. h. <i>Regent</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Fantail by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	2	2	2

Time, 5:56—5:56—6:05.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 14, 1844.

Dear Sir.—The National Jockey Club Races commenced on Tuesday last. The stables of Va. and Md. being on the spot in great force, and containing the best race horses now "in fix" in this "race horse region," except Blue Dick and Midas, who, I am told, have departed for the South. Having "other fish to fry" I did not attend on Tuesday, but learn that there were two sprightly contests, which afforded a good supply of sport to "a favored few." Major Doswell's beautiful little Pamunky filly, from whom nothing was expected when contending with the powerful Trustee colt, distinguished herself by the way she has of striding along, and making rushing brushes when called on—1:51 and 1:51½ over "a dreadful heavy" track, being her time, which, with her general appearance, reminds one of the early triumphs of Vanity and Lady Lightfoot. She promises to be a perfect "rasper," and will have some "tall" chronicling in the "Spirit" before all of her yarn is spun. The other mile and repeat race was carried into four severely contested heats, and was "won out of the fire" by "Old Kentucky" foot, and FIELD's "good management" in a hard crowd. This trainer, as I told you before, holds no communion with the doctrine of "luck," but always wins by "good management," and loses by accident—no "luck" in the race.

On Wednesday I found Mr. KENDALL's brown colt, by Priam, out of Medora, and Mr. PUCKETT's bay mare Ann Howard, by Priam, stripping for mile heats. I felt a deep interest in the colt, as I had seen his game little dam holding on with the toughness of a ball of Lignum Vitæ, six years ago, on the great four mile day when Omega made her tremendous 7:38 heat with her old stable companion Mediator. If Medora had had the foot of this proud specimen of her produce, with her own unflinching game, it would be hard to say what would have lived with her in four mile heats. She was by John Richards, who seems to have been "dropped" to get prime brood mares. Ann darted from the stand, the colt at her hips for the fourth of a mile, at a good lick, when he went up to her head, and away they flew, like a display of fire-works, in a bursting brush for home, the filly leading half a neck, till within four strides of the Judges,



when the colt tried on electricity, amidst thundering acclamations, and won by 4 inches!

Being myself not of the best vision, I would never pretend to tell when one horse beat another a few inches when closing with such a rush of speed—but our judges were of the “right grit,” with enough of honor and intelligence to decide any race of even “life and death.” In the 2d heat the colt led through in 1:54. As the first quarter of the first heat was made only at common speed, you must have some idea of their “lick” in the balance of the heat to make it 1:51.

Then came on race number 2, with Mr. WILLIAMSON'S Rowton filly, called Marchioness, The Colonel, and Kate Harris, both by Priam. Kate went away with the track, at three-quarter speed, with the Colonel second for a mile and a half, where he let out a link and passed the little mare as if she had been a scared weasel, and went home two lengths ahead, in 3:57. Marchioness never raised a foot for “nothing else” but to clear the little red banner. But in the 2d heat she danced off with the lead as if she had been Fashion, sure enough, whom, though of less dimensions, she somewhat resembled in form, color, and her manner of “making time.” She had not gone half a mile before “the thing was out,” and the judges might as well have left the stand, so far as any further use for them remained. The Colonel now and then “tried it on” to no purpose, for the mare came down the stretch, playing with her ears, and still performing Fashion “with signal success,” but under the loudest cracks of the whip you ever heard on a race track. Said I to a man “who knows,” what upon the earth made the rider strike his filly? The answer was that she always desired to shun crowds of noisy people, and has to “be whaled like h—l to get her through—*she has*.” Kate pulled up after going a mile and a half and trotted to the stand—*dead amiss*. She won handsomely at Broad Rock a few days since, and, when “all right,” it is hard for anybody's horse to do business with her in two mile heats. You would think so, too, had you seen her take the conceit out of Clarion and Senator, a year ago, when coming home like cannon balls falling upon a saw-mill. The Colonel was “off” and unfit to run. He is “all over” a “bang up” race horse, and his owner has had an offer at “a high figure” open to him for the last twelve months. He is a most blood-like animal, and must one day be quite an acquisition to the stud.

As my paper is nearly out, you must ask somebody else to tell you a “thing or two,” about the two mile plate race, which was won by Prior, in four heats. If Mr. BOYCE'S United had laid up in the two first heats, he would have won easily afterwards. He is a bad starter, losing so much ground at the beginning, as to render his chance bad in any short race. In the second heat he lost in that way about 40 yards, and then came out second, as in the first! He was, in my opinion, the best horse in the race, and would beat either at 2 or 3 mile heats. Captain BELCHER, who trained Prior, acted “Old Nap” to “a caution,” and won the two last heats like open and shut. It was him as much as Prior.

On Saturday we had most brilliant sport, a race worthy of the observation of twenty thousand spectators. The field was made up of Wilton Brown, Regent, and Patsey Anthony. Patsey the favorite until they came on the course, when Regent went up first favorite like a kite. The betting was numerous, but for small sums, and on “every point.” The most of the betting was on Regent *vs.* the field, or against the mare, and then, again, the mare *vs.* the field. I never doubted but that Wilton would take the 1st heat, as he was fine as a star—the best ordered horse I ever saw. Away he went with the lead, the other two a few lengths behind, for two miles, when Regent went to work and came home nose and tail with Wilton, who ran the heat in 5:55, and the last mile in 1:49! and no mistake. Wilton again led off, making the 1st half mile in 1:07, and the 1st mile in 2:05, he being well in the lead, and not intending to make a stride for the heat—here Regent and Patsey went off like rifle bullets, passed Wilton, the horse leaving about a length until reaching the stretch in the last mile, when the mare gradually left him, and won easily in 5:57, but some Kentucky watches made it 5:47! Regent was now a dead tired horse, Patsey only so so, but Wilton was as fresh as paint. In the 3d heat he rattled off with the track, and strode along like a fresh horse, the other two hammering it on, four lengths behind. In the 2d and 3d miles they moved up a little closer,

Regent 2d, and when half a mile from home the mare took a pull and let Regent go for the heat, but Wilton out-footed him to the stand, and won, with something to spare, in 6:03. [I have given the time by Mr. Puckett's watch.]

The track was very heavy from the previous day's hard rain, which makes the time most truly creditable to all concerned. The mare was just relieved from a cold, which may have lost her the race. She has more reputation "along these parts" than either of the others, but Wilton Brown, a delicate horse, can "fan" either her or Regent, when in order, any day with 100 pounds up—dead. I take Marchioness, however, to be now about the best race nag in America, Fashion excepted. Blue Dick "has seen the day"—but his severe contests with Fashion would now tell when contending with this perfect *whirlwind of a Rowton*! She beat Wilton two mile heats last week at Alexandria, and has won some ten other races without losing but one, and then bolted when finishing the race some 30 yards ahead. Keep your eye on her should she get North, and look out for a squall. D. P.

### LOUISVILLE, Ky., RACES.

The Fall Meeting of the Louisville Jockey Club commenced on Monday, the 7th Oct.. The following are the officers of the Club:—

ROBERT J. WARD, Esq., President.

#### VICE PRESIDENTS.

Capt. Wm. Preston,	F. A. Kaye, Esq.,
Col. S. Ormsby,	John Joyes, Esq.,
W. H. Walker, Esq.,	Capt. A. P. Churchill.

#### STEWARDS.

J. R. Throckmorton, Esq.,	Richard Phillips, Esq.,
W. P. Shepherd, Esq.,	Chas. H. Robards, Esq.,
Collis Ormsby, Esq.,	J. S. Mosby, Esq.

T. G. Rucker, Esq.

#### LADIES' COMMITTEE.

John Barbee, Esq.,	J. S. Speed, Esq.,
B. W. Pollard, Esq.,	Jos. W. Funk, Esq.,
Wm. Robards, Esq.,	A. J. Ballard, Esq.,
I. H. Sturgeon, Esq.	J. H. Crittenden, Esq.

MONDAY, Oct. 7, 1844—Untried Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 82lbs.; five subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

J. L. Bradley's br. c. <i>Nathan Rice</i> , by Birmingham, dam by Whipster .....	1 1
A. Hikes' ch. c. <i>Glider</i> , by Imp. Valparaiso, out of Kitty Turner .....	2 2
Jas. Shy's ch. f. by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Archy .....	3 3
Geo. R. Kenner's b. f. by Richard of York, dam by Bertrand .....	pd. ft.
Joseph Metcalfe's ch. c. by Shark, dam by Blackburn's Whip .....	pd. ft.

Time, 1:45—1:52.

SAME DAY.—Second Race—Match \$500 a-side. One mile.

J. W. Keith's ch. f. by Medoc, dam by director, 4 yrs .....	1
W. Merriman's br. f. <i>Lizzie Symmes</i> , by Tarleton, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs .....	2

Time, 1:56½.

There was quite a considerable attendance at the Oakland to-day, and the sport was as good as could have been expected the first day. A good deal of money changed hands, but we noticed rather more of a disposition among some of the moneyed men to bet on the elections than on the races.

Nothing of peculiar interest occurred in the first race. It was well contested, and there were several beautiful brushes. Nathan Rice won it very handily. In the second race Keith's filly had it all her own way, and won without an exertion. The track was heavy with dust.

TUESDAY, Oct. 8—Proprietor's Purse \$150, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs. —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Wm. F. Harper's br. c. <i>Red Eagle</i> , by Grey Eagle, dam by Moses, 3 yrs .....	1 1
Joseph Metcalfe's ch. h. <i>Magnate</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Sumpter, 6 yrs .....	4 2
Jas. L. Bradley's b. f. <i>Chemizette</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Goode's Arab, 4 yrs .....	3 3
B. Maloney's ch. f. by Cadmus, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs .....	2 dist.
J. R. Throckmorton's b. c. <i>Diedrich</i> , by Bertrand, Jr., dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs .....	dist.
T. J. Boswell's b. m. <i>Martha West</i> , by Columbus, dam by Imp. Eagle, 5 yrs .....	dist.

Time, 1:53—1:50½.

**SAME DAY.—Second Race—Sweepstakes for two year olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs., subscription \$25, h. ft. Mile heats.**

F. Herr's gr. c. <i>American Eagle</i> , by Grey Eagle, dam by Waxy.....	1 1
Joseph Metcalfe's ch. f. by Wagner, dam by Lance.....	2 2
L. Geiger's gr. c. by Charley Naylor, dam by Rattler.....	pd. ft.
Wm. Baird's b. c. by Grey Eagle.....	pd. ft.
G. R. Kenner's b. f. by Richard of York, dam by Bertrand.....	pd. ft.

Time, 1:58½—1:57.

There was an excellent attendance at the course to-day, and the sport was of the first order. Both races were well contested, and at the same time were won very handily. The Grey Eagle stock in both instances proved triumphant. In the second race, after the second heat, the Eagle colt ran away with his rider, and went twice round the track, at full speed before he could be stopped. He is a noble animal, and we predict that something will be heard of him in future.

**WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Proprietor's Purse \$300, conditions as before. Two mile heats.**

Jas. L. Bradley's gr. c. <i>Croton</i> , by Chorister, dam by Muckle John, 4 yrs.....	1 1
E. Warfield's br. h. <i>Marco</i> , by Sir Leslie, dam by Lance, 4 yrs.....	3 2
F. G. Murphy & Co.'s ch. f., by Imp. Ainderby, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs.....	2 3
D. Heinson's ch. f. <i>Miss Clash</i> , by Birmingham, dam by Cumberland, 4 yrs.....	4 4
Jas. Shy's br. c., by Shark, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs.....	5 dist.
F. G. Brengman's b. c. <i>Gen. Knox</i> , by Woodpecker, out of Fanny Wright by Silver Heels, 4 yrs.....	dist.

Time, 3:53½—3:46½.

The expectations of all who witnessed it were realized to-day in the brilliant performance of Croton, who beat a field of our best horses at Two mile heats, and apparently at his ease, although in the second heat the result appeared for a time doubtful. The betting lay principally between Croton and Miss Clash, but closed with Croton vs. the field, and considerable sums changed hands. The attendance was pretty fair; the course was inelastic and slow, the dust being deep; a great drawback to quick time.

In the first heat the Shark colt took the lead, closely followed by the Ainderby filly, Clash third, the others in waiting at different distances from ten to fifty yards behind. The first mile was run without material change of position. In rounding the turn of the second mile, Croton was well placed third, and at the first quarter made play and locked the Ainderby; (Clash drew back and made no effort for the heat;) they ran locked for about a quarter of a mile, when Croton made play, and, passing the Ainderby without apparent effort, took a tilt at the Shark colt, and serving him the "same caper," came home an easy winner in 3:53½.

The second heat was a repetition of the first, in fact but not in form. Clash bounced off with the lead, Marco second, and Croton behind, all under a pull. Clash led during the first mile, Marco evidently waiting for and watching Croton. The run home the first mile was very beautiful. Croton dashed down the stretch at a flight of speed, and at the stand had locked Marco. Clash widened her gap while rounding the first turn of the second mile; Marco and Croton, apparently under a press, gained upon her as they neared the gate, and at the half mile they were all in a "ruck." The spurs were applied freely by all parties, but Croton had the foot of the other two, and before reaching the turn had passed them. Marco then passed Clash, and drove home at a tremendous rate; but Croton's superiority was plain to all. Marco responded gallantly to the call of his rider, and was beaten by a half length only, in 3:46½.

**THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Proprietor's Purse \$500, free for all ages, conditions as before. Three mile heats.**

J. L. Bradley's ch. f. <i>Moth</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, dam (imp.) by Velocipede, 4 yrs.....	1 1
W. P. Greer's b. c. <i>Rover</i> , by Woodpecker, out of Sarah Miller, 4 yrs.....	2 2
F. Herr's b. f. <i>Kate Anderson</i> , by Columbus, dam by Imp. Eagle, 4 yrs.....	5 3
Joseph Metcalfe's ch. h. <i>Counterplot</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Sir Henry, 5 yrs.....	4 4
H. L. French's ch. g. <i>Pan</i> , by Imp. Envoy, dam by Moses, 5 yrs.....	3 5
J. Egbert's ch. m. <i>Ann Stevens</i> , by Imp. Trustee, dam (imp.) by Muley, 5 yrs.....	6 6

Time, 5:53½—5:56½.

The sport at the course to day was most excellent, and there were large numbers of persons present to enjoy it. There were six horses entered for the race, and Moth was decidedly the favorite against the field. Large sums of money were staked on the result of this race, and heavy bets were made between Rover and Kate Anderson, as to which would be best in the race. At the call, all the entries came up looking extremely well. At the tap of the drum, they all got off in beautiful style, Pan leading, followed by Rover, Moth,

Kate Anderson, Counterplot, and Ann Stevens. These positions were maintained until entering the quarter stretch in the second mile, when Moth challenged, passed the crowd easily, and run the third mile without being at all pressed, coming home an easy winner in 5:53½.

In the second heat, Pan again took the lead, the others all well up. During the first mile, they were all in a bunch, and the race was a beautiful one. On passing the Judges' stand they were all abreast, Rover being rather ahead. In coming down the quarter stretch of the second mile Moth again challenged, passed the crowd easily, and run the last mile at the most perfect ease, not one of the nags being near to or pushing her. Moth is a trump, and if she was put up to her best lick, she could make the time so low down in the figures as to astonish the natives.

Louisville "Morning Courier."

On Friday, Mr. Bradley's *Croton* won the Proprietor's Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in three heats; and Mr. Smith's *Ann Harrod* won the Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, in two heats. Particulars next month.

Magdalen, Argentele, Motto, and Ann Hayes, are entered for the Four mile day.

#### BROAD ROCK, VA., RACES.

These races came off a month since, but we know nothing more of the result than is furnished by "D. P." (in a previous page), and the following communication from "L.":

*Mr. Editor:*—In the third week in last month (September) the races came off over the Broad Rock Course, near Richmond, Va. The Jockey Club purse Three mile heats was won by *Regent*:—at least he came in "first" and "first;" and as I understand, the rider of Mr. PUCKETT's mare complained, that *Regent* took her track from her; the judges, who witnessed perhaps every yard of the race from the stand, (as well as other gentlemen having favorable positions) descended from the stand, and went to, and examined the spot, where it was alleged the foul riding took place, and after satisfying themselves that nothing of the kind happened; awarded the race and purse to *Regent*; and all bye bets were paid and received. Now you will mind! that there were no patrol Judges at all. After all this, a gentle nan who had an interest in the mare's race of that day, but none in the mare, (I mean Mr. PUCKETT's, that came in 2d) found fault, and determined to appeal from the decision of the Judges to the Jockey Club, and so *Regent* got no money, and so the matter yet stands. Neither of *Regent*'s owners were present, and to be obliged to attend a grave meeting of the Jockey Club of Chesterfield and hunt up testimony &c. the game would not be worth the candle. Mr. PUCKETT, you will observe, is Proprietor, and also run the contending nag, and I suppose it would be very convenient to him to retain the amount of the purse at home. If Turfmen from a distance are to be thus incommoded, I apprehend but few can be found to take a second dose. I am the last man to make apologies for actual foul riding, and accuse no man of intentional wrong in that business; but it does seem to me, that the decision of the Judges in that case, should have been satisfactory.

L.

*Petersburg (Va) Races* over the Newmarket Course, commenced on Tuesday, the 24th Sept. We hear that Mr. J. LONG's filly by *Priam* won the Sweepstakes on the 1st day, and that Mr. WILLIAMSON's ch. h. by *Imp. Rowton*, carried off the two mile purse on the same day, as follows:

Jas. Williamson's ch. h. by <i>Imp. Rowton</i> .....	2	1	1
O. P. Hare's b. m. by <i>Imp. Priam</i> , 4 yrs.....	1	2	2
Col. F. Thompson's gr. h. <i>Pryor</i> , by <i>Imp. Priam</i> .....	3	3	3
W. N. Edwards' and J. Hawkins' <i>Nancy Reed</i> , by <i>Steel</i> , dam by <i>Drummond's Napoleon</i> .....	4	dr.	

The Three mile purse was galloped for by Mr. HARE's *Patsey Anthony*. Will any one send a report?